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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

OCTOBER 23, 1979

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## Save the last dance for Spohr

We've been out conquering the world," says Arnold Spohr, director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, "but we haven't conquered Winnipeg. It's a challenge." It won't, of course, be the first challenge the company has faced since Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Parry had the nerve to start it all in 1959, in a town where folks thought a "bore" was a funny way to say saloon. Now Canada's oldest and bravest ballet company is dancing into its 40th season under the banner 40 Years Strong. Pledge to them: sing. And what do you get? Another year older, and deeper in debt. The fact is, the birthday roses have a little frostbite this season. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet has a depressing deficit of \$350,000, a spiral in subscriptions from a high of over 11,000 to a little over 5,000, and management has a splitting headache—Director Spohr and General Manager Edward Rieger have been an oil-and-water mixture for some time now. Nobody is seeing the North Stars anymore. But it looks like a good-bye cruise instead of one of those harvest anniversaryes.

Many worries have certainly travel-



Spohr (above) directs ballets in rehearsal and with dancers perform Oscar Asua's Festival' tone to woo the old home town.

ling in the past decade. The company has toured Europe, Australia, South America, the Caribbean, Cuba, Mexico and Brazil—254 cities in all, most of which responded with good reviews. This year, but for a brief fall tour to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Ontario, they will restrict themselves to their most demanding audience, at home in Winnipeg. "We have had much warmer receptions outside Winnipeg," says Spohr, "but many artists find it hard to penetrate audiences here. The answer is to find

something that excites them and to stay close to them."

Accordingly, the new season drops to the tried and true—Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, Elton MacDonald's *Amore-our Rock* and Paddy Stone's *Mondo*. Unlike the old days when half a dozen new works were introduced each year, this season only two debuts are scheduled: *Les Sylphides*, choreographed by Mikhail Fokine, and a new say-yei-un-said piece by Salvatore Aiello.

But while people may criticize the ballet for sticking to hardy annuals such as Neeme's *Nutcracker*, no one disputes the glorious past that this season also celebrates. With its tightly knit ensemble of 25, it has always been the country's most versatile company, given the choice in facing them. It has often had to be. Choreographer Paddy Stone, who was 35 when he joined the company, recalls how they used to almost drag men off the streets to get them involved. A new night as well slip into a ballroom as put on leotards back then.

For the past 30 years the company's slogan has been the 51-year-old



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Spoke, who joined on a dinner in 1945. The son of a Lutheran minister, Spoke is an impassioned disciple of tennis with a quibbling temperamental—a combination that has endeared him to many and driven a few weaker souls away. Spoke rants and raves regularly, although he seems to get from his dancers exactly what he wants their best. As dancer Denise Wyckoff put it, "He challenges our reservations, but he is also capable of inhibiting dancers, destroying their self-confidence, even driving them out of the company."

Last season Spoke made it clear he was tired and wanted a break from the day-to-day operational demands. A long-simmering dispute with manager Rager didn't help buoy his spirits. Finally, to ease the pressure, Spoke came up with a scheme for passing on control to a new incarnation. The board acquiesced, partially. Though Spoke is still firmly in the driver's seat, he now has three associate directors to assist him. Ever a dedicated professional, he's clearly doing his best to move restless spirits in the company. Nevertheless, the effects of the deficit and the dispute resonate right down through the ranks.

"The attitude of many BBE workers towards General Manager Rager is one of barely restrained hostility. I'd say, 'Right now I'd say we're operating in spite of management rather than because of it. The attitude here is that we'll all sit tight.'"

Not surprisingly, Spoke is vague about the feud with Rager. "Good people are hard to get and their cost is high," he says. "Obviously I'm sure we'll get the right person, an experienced person. We have to start on a fresh and do it that way: teach people what's generous



and unselfish, who put the company first."

The future seems a delicate one for the time being. Spoke has dug in, and no longer talks of retirement. "I expect I'll be here for the rest of my lifetime, even if not as a director." The past 30 years have been difficult but very rewarding. I have no regrets. I still feel the company has a good future and the search for new talent will go on."

And in a sense, Spoke has seen it all before. When he took over in 1928, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet had a bad case of

A moment from Robert Vasek's "What to Do Tell the Menace" (Covey and pose in the lobby)

Illness strikes. A disastrous fire in 1954 had all but wiped out the company and the original founders had moved away, there was a dangerous break in continuity. Something Spoke has achieved and is determined to carry on. Delicacies have come and gone as well. In 1974 suppliers began to cut off credit when the debts crept up to the \$300,000 mark. In those days the provincial government met once to the rescue but that particular party is looking back in 1976. Spoke, with his small left-thinkers' optimism, hopes that hard times will mean a more supportive local audience.

Another BBE member concurs: "We're trimming our sails and counting paper clips, but last times can be good. At least they provide a short, sharp, shock and make you focus on what it is you're doing and where you want to be going. For too long we've counted on past successes. "Money is important but we can survive without it." Spoke says (so almost selfless means from the wretched department). "The main thing is to have the spirit and the determination. Beneficial sets and costumes help, but they alone do not a good company make. I believe life begins at 40, or I like to think it does."

Peter Corby-Gardner/Meredith Jackson

## Firefly, firefly burning bright

In the constant worldwide search for alternative energy sources, a breakthrough accident is now being tested: the firefly. The tiny luminous lighting bug isn't about to replace oil and gas, but it does have one property that can be extremely valuable in certain fire risk circumstances: it produces light without heat—cold light.

In nature the firefly turns on its light to lure on members of the opposite sex. Its natural glow is the result of a process known as chemoluminescence: an enzyme called luciferase reacts in contact with a substance called luciferin in which it turns to



into light, releasing energy in the form of light.  
The American Cyanamid Co. is bound

break. New Jersey has been working on adapting the process since 1961 and has already produced a clear, wind-shapable plastic tube that can glow with a yellow-green cold light. The device is used where a spark or heat from a conventional light might be dangerous. Its activation is either by electrical accident or to illuminate narrow emergency exit slides.

Now work is being done on adapting the principle to monitoring food or residues for the presence of harmful elements (a organic matter gives off a certain amount of cold light, not enough to be visible, so it decays in the presence of oxygen) and in checking the purity of pipeline and reactor during the refining process. From the glowworm's glow, a more energy-efficient world.

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## Always time to fit in an exposé

It takes Brill in the kind of hot people love to hate. At 35, he has a law degree from Yale, has served as assistant to the mayor of New York, worked as a consultant to the Police Foundation in Washington, written for *New York* and *Harper's* and has a regular column on U.S. legal affairs in *Esquire*. Now after just a few weeks on the shelves, his second book, a profile of the 5.3-million-member Teamsters union, is making its way onto U.S. best-seller lists.

Brill is unquestionably a hot young journalist. Publishers Simon and Schuster evidently considered the contents of his book, *The Teamsters*, even hotter. In the months preceding its release, there were fears that the book, a nearly-wart portrait of the world's largest and most corrupt labor union, might be subverted. People at Mazon/General Publishing, handling the Canadian distribution, say they were visited by Simon and Schuster marketing chief Al Stueben and told that the printing of *The Teamsters* was being done under armed guard. Printing plants were kept locked in a safe and, with the exception of a few top executives, no one was allowed the usual pre-release peek at proofs.



The crime suspect, Tony Pro (below), the victim, Hoffa (right), and the author. Brill: no way to run a union

The book was packed in coded boxes and shipped over a rushed three-day distribution period. A major worry was boxcars and truck drivers responsible for getting the book to market were Teamsters. "We were all pretty concerned," Brill said in an interview. He hadn't heard about the armed guards before the news at the press, but "it's something that doesn't particularly surprise me." While his publishers worried about the security of the book, Brill had problems of his own: a few anonymous threats on his life ("We like to think of them as crank calls")

and a personal concern "that the FBI would try to find out what was in the book before it came out."

The precautions went beyond normal marketing techniques for a breaking, hard-cover news story. Brill's book contains some new revelations about the 1975 disappearance and presumed murder of former Teamsters' boss Jimmy Hoffa and the mishandling of one of the union's largest pension funds. It includes a photo of an FBI memo listing the main Hoffa murder suspects. They include Anthony (Tony Pro) Pro-



none, head of the New Jersey Teamsters, who Brill maintains registered the murder, and Russell Bufalino, the 74-year-old New York mobster. Brill says ordered the hit to prevent Hoffa from regaining control of the union.

The Hoffa case, says Brill, "is solved already. It's just a matter of time before the FBI gets someone to talk." He's less optimistic about the Teamsters. Change has to come from the rank and file, he says, and the reformers in those ranks "are only a tiny, tiny minority." He predicts Hoffa's hand-picked successor, Frank Fitzsimmons—the man the rank goes to lose for his loose grip on the union—will resign "within six to eight months... under great government pressure and for reasons of ill health."

As for Simon Brill's future, the first issue of a new national magazine he co-founded, *The American Lawyer*, is due out in January. Then in six months to a year, editor Brill says, he'll be back to work on another book. Cheryl Hawkes



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## A newspaper that really speaks out

A comic strip about a sightless superhero called The Kest and his sidekick, Wheels—a paraplegic with a fabulous wheelchair that flies through space—is one of the most popular features of a new and otherwise serious newspaper called *Touchstone*. The creator of *The Kest*, staff writer Barry Abbott, is blind. So are most of the 4,000 readers of Canada's first paper for the blind and visually impaired. Launched



*Touchstone's* reporter reads, blowouts of the news that is *to be* to be

in Halifax last May, the 30-page weekly tabloid comes in two formats: extra-large typeface for the partially sighted and taped cassette recorded by volunteer CBC announcers.

*Touchstone* is the brainchild of Terry Green, a graduate of Saint Mary's University and partially sighted himself, who says "our object is to present to the public our view of ourselves—the handicapped's view of the handicapped." But the promise made of the paper is Steven Preppard, a partially sighted musician, newsmen and the only one of the nine *Touchstone* staff with any media experience. "We want to be regarded as a reliable source of information," he says, "and we refuse to be a soapbox for 'your' and 'studies' or scholastic disputes. Life is tough but it's interesting and fun."

Advertising is selling badly, and if circulation hits the hoped-for 30,000 mark in the next six months, *The Kest* will be shutting every week in the pages of *Touchstone*. "For a very small newspaper," Preppard observes, "we feel we've accomplished something rather large."

Nick Goodstone/Linda Colpitts

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# It can get lonely waiting for socialism in Alberta

Conservative Premier Peter Lougheed, with something like a third of his cabinet having decided not to run in the next election, is the butt of a joke currently circulating in Alberta: New Democrats. The premier, the story goes, engaged to ask NDP leader Grant Notley to join his cabinet and was turned down. "Get Grant," pleaded Lougheed, "I've got to have someone I know is going to run." There's no question that Notley, the lone voter in the Alberta legislature since 1971,\* will be running in the election, expected anytime within the next six months. He first ran—in a province that had never elected a New Democrat—in 1968. He kept running—in 1980 and a 1986 by-election—until he finally got elected, seven years ago. There is every indication that Notley will keep us running until the day, which he predicts is near, when Alberta politics becomes a two-way contest between the Tories and the NDP.

Notley, now 39, has long maintained that Albertans have shaken off the last shreds of their 36-year loyalty to Social Credit and there are, finally, indications that life is looking up for the NDP. It was just two years ago that Notley made his first barnstorming tour through southern Alberta—bottle country for the NDP—carefully advising that he couldn't have made the trip before because no one would have turned out to see him. Now he counts NDP membership in Alberta at 8,000, an all-time high, more than the total membership claimed by both the Social Credit and the Liberals. Some 500 supporters turned out for a recent \$25-a-plate event in Edmonton where Notley they contributed \$15,000 to the party cause, famed as a Canadian record for an NDP fund-raising dinner.

As Notley's friends and friendly enemies pointed out at the celebration marking his 10th anniversary as leader, Notley is a hard nose to read. Alberta NDP secretary Ray Martin summed up the problem: "What can you say about a fanatic socialist in conservative Alberta, whose main characteristics are his dedication, his bright, logical mind, and his shrewdness?" The reason settled for



Notley at the legislature in Edmonton when Alberta turned left, he's in there

gives about his cheapness and his dedication. (Example: When someone in his constituency was eaten by a bear, Notley was distraught. "Wouldn't you know it?" he lamented of the bear. "He was an NDPer!") Notley good-naturedly related the incidents and got on to the business at hand. "The Soviets," he thundered, "are poised, as never before, to seize total assimilation from the jaws of defeat."

Notley likes to relate the story of the reporter who asked what Notley was before he became a politician. "He was a child," shot back the late Nancy King, then president of the Alberta NDP. She wasn't far wrong. Notley's involvement in politics goes back to his days at the University of Alberta in Edmonton where he was part of the Old Boy network that now reaches into both the federal and provincial political fields. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, Notley joined the "democratic socialist" wing of the student body through the CCF-NDP tradition, while Conservative leader Joe Clark, then Curtis of the Prime Minister's Office and Social Credit MLA Ray Spence were shepherding students into their parties. Notley's platform then set the tone for

his platform now: public ownership of key resources, resources, championing of Canadian nationalism, and the best possible free social services.

Stupid as it felt that Notley was predicting before the 1978 election that the Soviets would be wiped out and the way cleared for the star to succeed them as the Opposites. Instead, Notley spent the last hours of that election morning the "ack feeling" that he would be tossed aside in the sweep that netted the Conservatives 68 out of 76 seats. In the end, Notley scrambled in as the NDP from Spirit River-Fairview with less than a 100-vote majority.

The NDP still has to overcome the Alberta phobia of anything smacking faintly of socialism and the strong anti-East bias that tends to work against Albertans New Democrats. But slow, steady work will triumph, the indefatigable Notley says. Even half a dozen New Democrats in the legislature (which is up to 78 ridings under redistribution) "would make a profound difference to the entire tenor of Alberta politics."

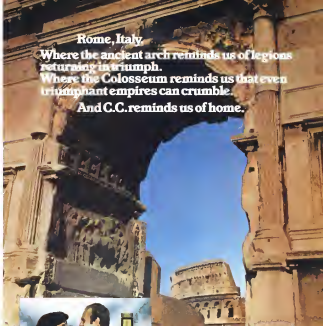
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\*Currently 42 Conservatives, four Liberals and one Independent sit in the 75-seat chamber.



## Gnaws—a Canadian sequel to 'Jaws'

If Canada's economy were as prosperous as the shiny little rodent it chose as a national symbol, the country would be booming. Fifty to 60 years ago, overtrapping and the tuberculosis virus contracted from rabbits almost wiped out the beaver, but since then *Castor canadensis* has been very busy—linking up with water levels and swimming like, well, like rabbits. There have never been so many colonies flourishing up the landscape and Ontario's beaver population alone has climbed to at least two million, according to Mike Novak, supervisor of fur management for the province.

A Manitoba biologist who says "beavers have taken every square inch they can get" reports that northern sections of the province are "beginning to look like river valleys."

In British Columbia, where trappers bring in 25,000 pelts a year, Prince Albert administrator Harold Brown says they could easily double that number without seriously disturbing the beaver population. And on Cape Breton, there seems to be more beaver than ever despite increased trapping, according to department



of lands and forests biologist Andrew MacInnes.

There may, says beaver buyer older than there were under "natural" conditions before the white man came along. According to fur-trade records at Old Fort William in Thunder Bay, Ontario, Indian trappers working the populous Lake Superior area in 1816, with the same traps used today, bagged less than one-quarter of the 8,000 beaver pelts brought in last year by 480 trappers working in the same area.

Canada's aquatic sector now is also causing traffic problems. Says William Salaman, a truck and roadway officer for Canadian National Railways in Thunder Bay, "It's really annoying. Our fellows spend more and more time de-mustering dams to keep the water levels down. And that's the problem of towns across the tracks too." The president of the Ontario Trappers Association, Lloyd Cook, says the problem could be worse. "If it wasn't for us trappers,"

he argues, "all the highways and railroads

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in the country would be under water." So far, the only sign of government concern has been the introduction of some higher beaver quotas and new laws in Ontario and Manitoba which specify a maximum number of beaver a trapper must take. With 300,000 or so sold worth up to 16 times the \$15 to \$30 a trapper gets for a beaver, many just ignore them unless they're ordered to bring some in.

Overcrowding won't be a problem as long as there are rivers left to dam and lots of new puppers (favorite beaver



A beaver trap. This kind is not legal.

fare) to eat. But now more hardwood is being cut for the production of plywood, where that hardwood takes over in pace, evergreen softwood takes over in the cycle of growth. And that's when the hungry beaver horde may show its nasty side.

Contrary to popular belief, beavers are far from docile. They are fiercely territorial and not above gnawing on their own kind. In the case of an intruder, Anthropologist Lars Wilsson observed beaver in Russia and noted that the female is even more aggressive than the male. She usually initiates the relationship by whipping the daylight out of the first male who dares into her territory. After he has been beaten into submission, the pair regularly never quarrel again. However rare, after all, requires co-operation—they mate face to face while swimming on their sides or sprawling slowly through the water.

As for their famous industriousness, that only occupies about six weeks of the year. Usually a beaver begins depositing its time to fiddling in the winter, sleeping and mauling. During the long winter months, they curl up together or copulate under the ice. A pleasant regime for a national symbol, perhaps, but the result is just what the country doesn't need—more beavers.

Wendy Bartuch

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1979 Tim Wilkerson, Edmonton  
1980 George McNamee, Edmonton  
1972 Garvey Hedges, Hamilton  
1971 Don Jones, Winnipeg  
1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan  
1969 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1968 Bill Sweeney, Toronto  
1967 Peter Leslie, Calgary  
1966 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1965 George Wood, Saskatchewan  
1964 Levell Coleman, Calgary  
1963 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1962 Benjie Brock, Montreal  
1961 Bernie Falsbery, Hamilton  
1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton  
1959 John Ragle, Edmonton  
1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton  
1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton  
1956 Ed Patterson, Montreal  
1955 Ed Patterson, Montreal  
1954 Sam Rutherford, Montreal  
1953 Bob Kennedy, Edmonton

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Rex Neill, B.C.  
1972 John Nelson, Calgary  
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1969 John LaCrosse, Edmonton  
1968 Ken Lehtonen, Ottawa  
1967 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan  
1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1964 Tom Brown, B.C.  
1963 Tom Brown, B.C.  
1962 John Nelson, Hamilton  
1961 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg  
1960 Herb Gray, Winnipeg  
1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton  
1958 Sam Lahti, Calgary  
1957 Kape Vaughan, Ottawa  
1956 Kape Vaughan, Ottawa  
1955 Tex Gaudier, Montreal



## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1977 Al Wilson, B.C.  
1976 Don Vickers, Montreal  
1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton  
1974 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1977 Gus Kasper, Edmonton  
1976 Bill Rubin, B.C.  
1975 Jon Campbell, Toronto  
1974 John Nelson, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1977 Leon Bright, B.C.  
1976 John Schenley, B.C.  
1975 Tom Carmichael, Ottawa  
1974 Sam Czaplewski, Toronto  
1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal  
1972 Chuck Eddy, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1977 Tony Gohard, Ottawa  
1976 Tony Gohard, Hamilton  
1975 Jon Foley, Ottawa  
1974 Tony Gohard, Ottawa  
1973 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa  
1972 Jon Rouse, B.C.  
1971 Terry Emswiler, Montreal  
1970 Jon Rouse, B.C.  
1969 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1968 Ken Sweeney, Winnipeg  
1967 Terry Emswiler, Calgary  
1966 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1965 Zeno Harris, Hamilton  
1964 Tommie Grant, Hamilton  
1963 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1962 Harvey Wyle, Calgary  
1961 Tony Paschuk, Calgary  
1960 Bob Stewart, Ottawa  
1959 Ross Jackson, Ottawa  
1958 Ken Sweeney, Winnipeg  
1957 Gerry James, Winnipeg  
1956 Norman Kwong, Edmonton  
1955 Norman Kwong, Edmonton  
1954 Gerry James, Winnipeg

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## Letters

### A scent of suffocation

There is so much wrong with Roy MacGregor's piece in the *National Post* (Sept. 18), that it doesn't merit discussion. With the exception of Peter Pearson, all of the people interviewed by MacGregor were capable of providing worthy and interesting material on the subject. Amazingly, they all came off as shallow, small-minded, self-serving people with nothing of substance to say about their own work or the work of the NPH. Pearson is simply ignorant of what is taking place at the board. He is certainly a bright and talented film-maker but, judging from what he is quoted as saying, he seems to have become a little old man, suffocating in his own perfume.

ROSEVERALL  
NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA,  
MONTREAL

Having just arrived in Canada to continue my study of the National Film Board, I was shocked to read your incredible article. Surely MacGregor's must know what all serious students of film know: that the NFB is a truly unique and productive film organization. To suggest that the board is smothered in "scent while" is simply ridiculous.

JOHN B. SHEPHERD, PROFESSOR  
UNIVERSITY OF GUELPH  
KINCARDINE, ONTARIO

### Prenatal puffery

Your article on smoking and pregnancy, *A Smell of the Mother*, (Sept. 18), is very timely indeed. Whatever little information pregnant women receive on smoking is usually given in prenatal classes, mostly after their sixth month of pregnancy, obviously far too late. According to a survey carried out in 1971 by the Canadian Council on Smoking and Health, 17 per cent of prenatal classes in Canada do not deal with smoking and health. Of those, 38 per cent said they lacked the time to do so and 19 per cent felt that they did not have appropriate health education materials. To overcome these difficulties, the council, in co-operation with the Canadian Cancer Society, Canadian Heart Foundation and Canadian Lung Association, is presently preparing an instructional booklet on smoking and pregnancy, for distribution through these agencies to physicians and public health units, so that every pregnant woman

will have access to this vitally important information as soon as the pregnancy is established.

ROSE BAUMGARTNER,  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,  
CANADIAN COUNCIL ON SMOKING  
AND HEALTH, OTTAWA

### Sweeter pastures

In your article, *The Moving After the Night Before* (Sept. 18), you state that Gaston Bucher, recently appointed to the State Sugar Board of the Dominican Republic, returns his seat on the board of Falconbridge Industries. For the second I wish to pass along information I have since received. Upon his new appointment Bucher resigned his directorship with our Dominican subsidiary.

R. L. HICKES, DIRECTOR  
PUBLIC RELATIONS  
FALCONBRIDGE NICKEL MINES LIMITED,  
TORONTO

### King Cohen

Thank you for your excellent article, *Leonard Cohen Says That* (Sept. 18). Cohen is unique. It is true the general public knows what the multitude of his fans have known all along—that he is a celebration.

MAUREN E. PARRELL,  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

### Cosmetic blasphemy

I read with concern your article on Mary Kay Cosmetics, Inc., an *Old Woman on the Way Up* (Sept. 18). You describe our founder, Mary Kay Ash, as outgrowing "her somewhat hefty nose."

She has outgrown her pink Cadillac. \* I am surprised that Canada's supposedly



Mary Kay Ash: She added personal touch.

freedom-loving society would write about a gracious lady in such poor taste. Many articles have been written about Mary Kay Cosmetics, and none of them have seen the need to attack Mrs. Ash in such a personal fashion.

RICARDO J. KENNEDY, PRESIDENT  
MARY KAY COSMETICS, INC.,  
MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

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## Missed by a whisker

I read with great interest Rodrick McQueen's article, *The Back Door Way* (Aug. 21), on the Canadian dollar. I agree with McQueen's analysis that the declining dollar is hurting the consumer and increasing inflation, or increasing the consumer price index. It is also having an adverse effect on importers who have not fully passed on the pricing impact of the weak dollar, and thus are suffering on the bottom line. If the trend continues, a number of things can happen. Smaller importers will be forced out of business, resulting in an increase in unemployment. The number of lines imported will decline, resulting in less consumer choice and there will be a reduction in quality of imported products. The full impact of the declining value will ultimately be passed on to the consumer, which will further fuel inflation. In your article reference was made to Brian's "most popular shaver, the Synchroline Plus." The name of the shaver is "Synchroline Plus."

JIM KELLY, SALES PRODUCT MANAGER  
BRAUN ELECTRIC CANADA LTD.,  
MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

## Waste not, waste not

Your article on some and hazardous wastes, *It's Enough to Make You Sick—Or Dead* (Oct. 5), leaves one impression which should be corrected. While I am quoted as saying, "Governments may eventually have to be much more dictatorial in getting [disposal] sites," this is not an approach we support or advocate. The early victims of such a tack would be the few hard-earned provisions in provincial environmental legislation granting citizens the opportunity for public hearings before waste-siting decisions are made. If governments want to regain the confidence of the public on the hazardous wastes issue, then they ought to begin by bringing wastes law and policy into the 20th century. This would include mandatory reclamation, re-use and recovery of such substances to the maximum extent feasible, in conjunction with emphasis directed to better waste tracking and reduction.

JIM CASTELL  
CANADIAN ENVIRONMENTAL LAW  
RESEARCH FOUNDATION TORONTO

## A writ duly served

Congratulations to Allan Rockingham for his perceptive column on Chief Justice of Ontario Bora Laskin, *The Road to Social Justice is Slow and Hard*... (Aug. 21). It is cleverly written.

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and should be required reading for all Canadians.

R. C. GIBBS, LANS, BC

## Naked came the emperor

Not once the story of the emperor's new clothes has there been such a graceful exposure of people in high places as that contained in Barbara Amiel's column, *But How Will This Fresh Little Girl in White Their Names in the Street?* (Sept. 18). I am still chuckling over it, and I am happy to be able to write my name and thanks in ink.

JOHN SATURUS, GANANQUE, ONT.

Barbara Amiel's article on sexism in schools was disturbing. She shows herself not only to be without sympathy for a movement which seeks to allow females to develop their full potential in our society, but vulgar and without humor.

ANNE DAVIS, WATERLOO, ONT.

Barbara Amiel's column on the Ontario ministry of education's headline, *Sex-Role Stereotyping and Women's Studies*, con-

tains many superficial comments that betray her lack of sympathy for the ignorance of the alien abroad condition of women in our society. Her mockery of the headier's expression is an insult to women who have to "struggle" to attain equality in the working world. It also implies that the need to make children aware of stereotyping does not exist.

JANE SUTHERMAN, BARCELONA, SPAIN

## Teetotaling to greatness

The article on Rudy Wiebe, *Lonely Are the Green* (Sept. 4), made my day. At last here is a great writer who not only doesn't drink but won't even allow liquor or beer on his property. I'd been beginning to fear that being a heavy drinker was a requirement for greatness. I've always tremendously admired Wiebe as a writer, but after reading your article I admire him as a person, too. Strangely enough, this is the first article I've seen about him in a general Canadian magazine.

HELEN FORTER, MOUNT PEARL, ST. LU

I appreciate Rudy Wiebe because he refuses to be exploited by the ignorance of



the public. His writing is interesting and clear, which makes it less in demand than the smut and garbage the public seems to want. His interest in the Canadian heritage is a challenge more writers ought to take.

MARIA TAYLOR, WILSON, SASK.



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## A moment of silence

NOBODY knows the trouble Anita Bryant has seen on the lecture on the public-speaking circuit, gay boycotts of the frozen orange-juice section in the supermarkets, and now nobody wants to do her TV show. Bryant, who is noted for her anti-homosexual evangelism, and husband-manager Bob Green, are trying to assemble a two-hour "non-issue" TV special and a radio program—without much success. Claiming the show-business industry has black-listed his wife, Green maintains that in spite of interest in the two projects no writers will dare apply for the jobs. For further information please consult your local listings.



Bryant: not Buntine to like show business

hamburger and \$8 to \$10 for prime cuts. At that rate, families may be getting out the carving set for the Sunday night special, meatloaf au jus.

## All aboard

It doesn't have the same ring as "From Dover to Calais," but CN Marine is seriously considering Hovercraft service from Cape Breton to Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, sometime in the late 1980s. The Hovercraft, modelled on British Rail's English Channel vehicle, will cost \$32 million and should chop almost five hours off the present six-hour ferry trip. But there are problems; the Hovercraft would only be used for three months in the summer and CN must find a firm to empty the ship the remaining nine months.

## Wrangling for dollars

THE nursery rhyme about the cow jumping over the moon must have been referring to the cost of beef—which is going to get sky-high. Due to the present worldwide drop in marketable beef (the result of breeders selling off their breeding stock during the years of low prices and high feed-costs), cows are now costly critters. At the recent Canadian beef auctions, feeder calves sold for \$1 a pound—double last fall's price. What that means for Canadian carnivores is, come spring, \$5 per pound for steak, \$2 per pound for

## Mabel's new label

Although 49-year-old housewife Mrs. Mabel (Mike) Everett thought politics was small potatoes when she lived in Big Cove, New Brunswick, she's giving it a run in the Nov. 8, U.S. elections. The Canadian-born Everett, who left the country 32 years ago, is running for governor in New Hampshire as the candidate of the fledgling Libertarian Party. Aiming to reverse the spread of government into people's lives, Everett says, "We're amazed at how much interest we've aroused. If I could talk to everyone in New Hampshire, I'd get elected."

## News

### Cover Story

20

### The CBC on trial

Canada's favorite sport—basing the public broadcasting system—enjoyed a world record of its open test week at the CBC hearings in Ottawa when 4,000 CBC President J. Johnson and his team spent just about everybody's toughest question put to them: Should the CBC try to compete with U.S. shows or repudiate light entertainment and sports to concentrate on high quality so-called Canadian programming? Michael Palmer, who made the CBC as budget slashes heightened the most serious strike it has ever known—a strike at public confidence. Play close-up of the embattled Johnson and the also-troubled French network.



Canadian News

David MacDonald challenges the government about what it will and what it won't spend at its best and its worst. Meanwhile, in the new election, our parliamentarians go for the grey clouds instead of the sugar—except for Pierre and Joe, a young student at McGill University, the Prime Minister's Cabinet turns to Vancouver, the Queen is content, and Henri Lévesque announces his resignation.

The German arms as the search goes and the arms everyone's designed aren't they? Cuts a marching line, based a new and steadily less than future. The article will be continued for the second time in weeks to show what? And director Andy Serkis who slipped embraces into his and healthy out of the TV image.

Revisited



## Cover Story

# The CRTC Gong Show presents . . . the CBC!

By Michael Posner

Of the \$3 billion things that might be said about the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, one is certain: it is not believed. It is repeated on occasion. It is once gradually admitted from time to time. But week in, week out, in Parliament Hill and in executive boardrooms, in high-rise apartments and suburban living rooms, few things stir the bile quite like the

public broadcasting network. It is Canada's national vice-grip bag, scorned as much for its sins of omission as for those of commission.

That unfortunate fact was confirmed again last week as the 12-year-old institution, in an otherwise routine biannual renewal proceeding, confronted both the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) and its fabled critics-at-large. For eight days, businessmen, scientists, churchmen, feminists, homophobes, de-

structors, producers, writers, performers—500 individuals in all—girded (by brief and in person) before the ever-angry CRTC to furnish the corporation's faults. It was the longest hearing yet into the often-baffling workings of the CBC, and it raised troubling questions about the network's internal health and editorial prognosis. No one could reasonably argue that the CRTC ever appeared in its month-long session (The CBC—A Perspective) was the product of some months' research and writing; critics have spent a full week rehearsing their presentations, complete with grilling sessions by role-playing consultants and interviewers. President Al Johnson (see box) faced a four-hour cross-examination.

Johnson and CRTC on TV (above), CRTC in session (below left), Hermodorf (below) and commissioner Pat Fitch (right) during the national shipwrecking show the hit.

Johnson and CRTC on TV (above), CRTC in session (below left), Hermodorf (below) and commissioner Pat Fitch (right) during the national shipwrecking show the hit.

action that covered the gamut of CBO operations, present and future.

The preparation showed CBO executives divided: the commission's tepid inquiries with ease, and Johnson, and the dissolving splendour of Ottawa's Château Laurier hotel, was apparently upset. Despite the Trudeau government's \$75-million CBO budget cut (roughly 12 per cent of its proposed \$555-million expenditures), the former treasury-based executive entrusted the people's network to Broadcasting English television, enriching French services, increasing regional programming, and adding a second TV channel—all by the early 1990s.

To do that, the corporation is going to need, Johnson estimates, \$125 million in the next five years—an inflation federal politeness, in the new iron age of frills, seems sorely inclined to allow. Even then, there are whispers from that \$751 million outburst is but the first incursion of a more wide-scale operation, Parliament's test of the CBO's mettle.

The budget reductions have already postponed, for at least two years, plans for a new Victoria TV station. The National will probably abandon its hopes for launching a second Western-Canada correspondent and an on-air reporter. The new director of television in Winnipeg, Bill Terry, will not soon fill the program-director's chair which he vacated, and a projected fellowship to Radio-Canada's phenomenally successful Explorers seems appears threatened. In fact, admits Peter Hermodorf, vice-president of planning and touted as president's potential, most of the grandiose aims of Fowler's, the CBO's master designer for the next decade, are new in jeopardy.

As for the present squeeze, Hermodorf

## Wasn't Louis Riel the guy who built the Alamo?

President Albert Winston Johnson was a victim—ruined by the early days of Canadian broadcasting when, as a boy in the Midwest, Saskatchewan home at his cousin's table and opened water, he learned in the family's old wooden study to show his Hockey Night in Canada and Juke and the Kef. When Johnson delivered his two-hour address to the CRTC commissioners last month, he hesitated with urgency and tried to encourage the "non-Canadian" of this country's broadcasting system. The plain truth, he lamented about current television here: "is that most of our kids know about the Alamo than they know about Shakespeare or Chrysler's Fiero." They were more about Disney's Crockett than Louis Riel.

Johnson, the formerly 55-year-old public administrator who has presided over the CBO for three years now, doesn't consider himself a newswriter, but he is a student of Canadian children growing up in America. For the early 1980s, Johnson has set the CBO a target of 50 per cent Canadian content in English prime-time television programming. The goal plan is to introduce 30 minutes more work of Canadian programming (which would be a net gain) next. Equally important, the shows must be popular and of

high quality to lure Canadian audiences away from American programming. And, of necessity, they must be cheap.

At least, Johnson will only admit to losing a year of his target debt because of the \$75-million budget cut, although he doesn't con- sider. "It would be foolish not to admit right of that public broadcasting in Canada is faced with debt and painful surgery." But he refuses to see the hand as anything but long-term, the cut coming at a time when political and economic battles are raging, federal politicians, perhaps seeing their backs for scrutiny by CBC newsmen. "I'm not prepared to accept the proposition that Parliament in the future is going to continue to fund the CBC's programming by starving the CBO," he says firmly.

Besides, public support is strongly behind. "Mother CBC," Johnson believes, and the CRTC hearings were indicative of the de- cision to many viewers about the corporation for television. Last good times not sound again, Johnson says. But several new of sunny outlook and "tough decisions" will continue planning toward the creation of a second CBO network to be carried on cable, and an increase in local and regional programming in a study Canada. Finally convinced that CBO is a new in doing, the short-sighted, Johnson even decries to pessimism. "If the CBO did not exist, someone would have to invent it."

Julianne Labrecque

Photo: Top: Peter Hermodorf, Vice-President of Planning and Development, CBC. Bottom: Pat Fitch, Commissioner of the CRTC.

too continue to compete with the U.S. networks by producing American-type shows and light entertainment? Or, conversely, to give the network a more serious and sophisticated image, concentrating exclusively on quality (and eventually efficient) drama, music, drama, documentary and public affairs? "It would be absolutely foolhardy to stop competing," insists Jack Chas, the network's senior program chief. "The Broadcasting Act says we must provide a balance. We have good track records with *King of Kensington* and *Next Star*, for example. I'm puzzled when people compare us to the Public Broadcasting System in the U.S. PBS now carries shows from England and even a country-and-western show out of Austin, Texas."

That is the official CBO line—we can do it and do it well—subsidized by its unpaid executive salaries. But outside, even some CBC staffers, say the quest for mass audiences is fruitless and self-defeating. At their popularity peaks, even the CBO's success stories haven't appealed the numbers down to *Friday Night* or *Therapy* Company. What's more, it costs the CBO \$80,000 to make one episode of *King of Kensington*, but only \$10,000 to buy 30 minutes of *All in the Family*. Conclusion: one ser-



COURTESY CBC







**Beachcomber:** Bruno Garaci (left), **As It Happens'** Barbara Foun and (right) **West:** a most painful scenario is being scripted



earlier—as former enchanter Peter Kent argued last week—but they can't score just when The 9 or 10 p.m. slot would affect commercial revenues in prime time, the 630-730 period would interfere with local programming. Nevertheless, according to Kathleen Nash, director of news and current affairs, a switch is almost certain, although probably not before spring. Meanwhile, Kent's successor is expected to be announced next week, with Nash herself, former CBC newswoman Lloyd Robertson (now with CTV) and Global TV's Peter Truduan among the candidates.

But even as earlier National will not add appreciable millions and if current figures are unimpressive, the future is positively bleak. Already, one of every

two Canadian homes is a cable subscriber. That figure will rise steadily through the '90s, as Saskatchewan and the Atlantic provinces extend cable services. Indeed, within two years, some 10 Canadian will have access to 30 channels, some of them involving video participation. New technology—specifically fibre optics, which could yield up to 100 channels—and the inevitable arrival of pay-TV will further erode the CBC's audience. Says Michael Hind-Smith, president of the Canadian Cable Television Association: "It's not more Canadian content that Al Johnson needs, but better Canadian content. He needs to spend more money on fewer shows to ensure their success. Too many of them now are simply not good enough." Not for nothing has Johnson called for a five-year moratorium on pay-TV and higher Canadian content regulations for the private networks. If the race cannot be won on speed alone, handicapping the competition may prove as sage.

All of that remains for the CBC and its chairman Pierre Clément to sort out. In the meantime, the CBC will have to appease independent producers, who want more than the three per cent of available program funds they now receive; the directors, who told the commission that the CBC is the largest and most inefficient production house in Canada. And that is not going to, the corporate elite, who claim the public affairs departments are too-biased, the press, who were able to document only three examples of religious news stories on the English network (one involving a Mormon and his 12th wife), the *Goal*, who want the CBC to explore shows for them, and the feminists, who complain that women hold less than 10 per cent of all CBC management posts. That is the short list.

More pressing still is the continuing

disaffection in the CBC's regional centres. Says Vancouver writer George Woodcock: "The less we have to do with whether there should be a CBC anywhere. Should it be dismantled and reconstructed? It suffers from bureaucratic ossification. There are mediocrities in power and creative people have been forced out." That is the saddest part, but there is no doubt, that Woodcock's basic sentiment commands a wide constituency. Ironically, while the regions deplore the drift toward centralization in CBC decision-making, regional facilities are often superior to those in Toronto, where production is dispersed among 18 areas, some of them antiquated. Not long ago, two authors interviewed by *Radio-Canada* at *Le Rapport* program were asked to share a single microphone. Later, arriving at a local radio show in Calgary, they discovered an ultramodern console with no fewer than seven microphones.

CBC's regional managers, potentially given any lack of authority, "I have all the autonomy I need," says Len Landry, director of the B.C. region. "If I need more, I'll get more." That, too, is a corporate stance, but the regions are doing more programming—both in radio and

television—even if the final budgets are slashed from Ontario. In fact, recalls Miss Gagnon, head of radio and TV in Quebec, one *Radio-Canada* producer has so much initiative that he decided to parade contestants for a *Miss Made* contest right into the studio.

Regional governments, policy advisors and council forecasts notwithstanding, the CBC has undeniable strengths. Few may listen (radioactivity executive producer Robert Weaver once said he knew all his listeners—and by their first names), but CBC Radio's both languages continue to excel. Although *Hockey Night in Canada* is still the top-rated Canadian TV show, more cheaply produced but nonetheless effective programs such as *On the Border* and *Marketplace* have loyal and significant followings.

It seems clear, however, that the CBC's immediate future is less auspicious than Johnson's boisterous performance last week might indicate. The most serious threat may be political, corporate and regional. And appointed Ottawa regards the corporation as unmanageable, unsatisfiable and essentially irreparable. It is a small measure of

their antipathy that the government's most drastic spending cutbacks were directed at last year's budget when television was such a close call treasury board.

There are some who insist that even unslashed budgets would not solve the crisis at the CBC. Says former staffer Ross McLennan, now anchoring independently: "To think that only more dollars or more transmitters is the answer is to overlook the fundamental need, which is to bring together the creative resources and allow them to perform. There are people of immense talent and real genius who cannot really express their best work."

That is not new. Indeed, what ails the CBC has always staid at internal wars for power and control, the self-vaunted slowness of American pop culture—and not enough money to compete. "It is possible to make a quite good argument that Canadian entertainment—the whole industry—should be dispensed with by legislation," says Gagnon. "The public is quite happy with what it gets from across the border." And the sort of remark one might have heard last week in Ottawa. Except that justice director Manon Marois had it in 1994.

## 'Et maintenant, quelques mots de Radio-Canada'

In the face of it, Marc Thibault's testimony to the CBC's savings seemed self-evident. Here was the director of information programming for radio and television for the CBC. French network, says that *Radio-Canada* would be maintaining its high level of coverage of Quebec politics and as the political situation evolved, increasing it at the expense of its other important functions. Given the persistence of what he called "a secessionist government," and the fact that almost 90 per cent of the *Radio-Canada* audience is in Quebec, his remarks would seem a statement at the obvious. But they struck a chord through the French network in the administration of Jean-Jacques Thibault, accused of organized bias, and others that led to a CBC major last year. Thibault sounded almost defiant and made hard-core headlines in Quebec.

It was the first time that there had been a clear, rational public statement of information policy for the network," says *Quel* editor Marie Perle, a senior journalist and anchor on the early evening news. "There was a great sign of relief and joy when he testified." For far from warning about potential cuts, the director of *Radio-Canada* may have been telling that political pressures might become overwhelming, and that Ottawa



Thibault: there was great relief and joy

was a concern about national unity might compromise journalistic integrity. There have been growing fears that the journalists' union has been undermined by a tendency to embrace political correctness, and that the CBC's coverage of federal-provincial controversies budgets and financial ratios

Canada staffers point to the two-hour special with French news were given on Jean Chretien's budget last spring. Then a week later, Quebec's *France-Matin* Jacques Fournier's budget got just right. "A spokesman's answer that by saving a 'business' weighted heavily in the decision." There have always been specialists for the network budget but not so for the program—a situation generally true on the English network. But the claim that focus the French network is on Canada and on any one thing is a overwhelming majority of 80 students in Quebec and a colorful government making news in Quebec City, there is a natural tendency in the explanation to give Quebec views predominance—a prominence which both and Liberals sometimes find offensive. And it is only five years since *Radio-Canada* became a local network with stations (but only a compromise handful of viewers) across Canada.

In the past, *Radio-Canada* employees have traditionally been more interested than their English counterparts. Rand (whose life became involved in political activity during the *Radio-Canada* producer strike in the winter of 1982-83, especially enough) and Jean Chretien, who was then Minister of the Interior, were both involved by Pierre Trudeau last Sunday they felt under the gun. "We really admire what Peter Kent is doing," opposing before the CBC. It is a good political position from the prime minister's side. It is a good position from the prime minister's side. We wonder whether it is one of us that he would still be here. Graham Fraser



the first time, appeared indecisive—more like a bunch of schoolboys just after the teacher has left the room than like a gathering of the country's legislators. Then the Tories decided to stop thumbing their noses in support of these debates and to refrain from heckling government speakers. The Conservatives were also faced with polls showing that, while the government is reeling, the public sees the Opposition as overly negative and doubtful in ability to govern. That the softened attack and respectful questions

The government maintained the sober atmosphere the next day with a decidedly dull speech setting out the parliamentary agenda for the coming months. Normally the speech contains a few headline-grabbing surprises, but not this time. Instead, it reiterated previously announced government policies on the economy and the constitution, embellished with soaring prose. The government felt it had belated its first efforts to explain its constitutional and economic priorities last spring and summer, and a restatement was necessary. As one Trudeau aide put it, "We've got to establish our credibility in these areas before moving on in new directions."

As the Commons moved to debate the contents of the throne speech the following day, the often heated musings the underlying political tensions the first two days began to degenerate. Conservative leader Joe Clark started off the nationally televised debate with an attack on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, whom he called "a centralist" (a description of the highest opportunism in Clark's vocabulary). Heckling him thereby in his belt in mock-Trudeaun style, Clark accused the prime minister of pecking, fighting with, overruling—the province, labor, business—and controlling power in "a little office" around him. The result, he said, is a falling economy, a "poisoned" atmosphere in federal-provincial relations, and a breakdown in the credibility of federal institutions, including Parliament.

Then Trudeau, gauged, lashed back in a 110-minute berserker, the like of which the country has not seen from its prime minister since the last election, he defended his policies with a barrage of statistics designed to show that Canada is outperforming most other countries, and suggested Conservative proposals for sweeping tax cuts would drive the government hopelessly into the red. But it was in his closing words on Clark—his first-ever personal attack on the Conservative leader—that Trudeau was most effective. Mimicking Clark's style by talking in his own, Trudeau painted a picture of the Conservative leader as a lackey of the provincial premiers who would sell out federal interests. "This is

what he wants to do," charged Trudeau. "Decentralize to the point where there would no longer be a government to speak for the people of Canada." Tipped on by Liberal wits, Trudeau jabbed his finger across the aisle at Clark and declared, "At some time he'll have to take his courage in his hands and take some stand which is not just a feeble echo of what the provinces are saying." After the Liberals had finished thumbing their noses (they have not yet followed the Conservative lead), star leader Ed Broadbent joined the fray. He accused Trudeau of abusing his intellectual gifts by using them only in battle. Lamented Broadbent: "He is a highly estimable combination of a philosopher and John Wayne."

The serious debate did not hold well for the dying days of this Parliament as it heads toward the election. The mix of a highly estimable combination of a philosopher and John Wayne

But for all the rhetoric, the Conservatives will probably not abstract any major pieces of legislation introduced by the government, for fear of handing the Liberals an election issue. Instead, they will restrict their fire to a few selected targets, including the government's alleged attempts to downgrade the monarchy (see box), and concentrate on making constructive proposals of their own. The government, in turn, will not likely press ahead with highly controversial proposals.

Parliament will be brightened in its last days by the addition of the 15 new faces tossed up by the Oct. 26 by-election. As well, both Opposition and government will be shedding their front benches as Trudeau names some new cabinet ministers and Clark makes substitutions to his shadow cabinet. But, as the election draws closer, attention will focus increasingly on the three leaders themselves. Trudeau, in his struggle to regain lost popularity; Clark, in his efforts to look like a prime minister; and Broadbent, in his bid just to be recognized. Ian Urquhart

## Vancouver

### A place for bloods and blades to play

**W**hen the Penthouse Cabaret was opened, critics in women's magazines recently, "It was round only to the Capilano Suspension Bridge as a tourist attraction." What she did not have to spell out for old Vancouver hands was that it wasn't the advertised

entertainment that made it famous. Before it was shut down following morals charges three years ago, the fame of the Penthouse was based on a weekly mélange of measures of breast-bugged nickers upturned into grape-ale glasses, Bette Rose shows featuring a Miss Nitro-Nite or Gina Rose Ron and, most important, the easy availability of dozens of "working girls." Now, after three years and court battles costing

Joe Philpott in Penthouse, "Does Kato's got changed if a hooker buys a fur coat?"



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# Germans banish the Danube blues

By Philip Grenard

If Soviet Major-General Alexander Kyrilov was impressed by the manner in which the West German troops attempted to regulate the "red" invasion, he did not show it. His pugy face, wrinkled in the smoke of coalition Russian cigarettes, was as impassive as that of Chinese Red Army General Li Chien, acting only 50 feet away in the makeshift grandstand on the banks of the Danube.

The two sets were guests at NATO's "Blue Danube" war game in Bavaria, an exercise involving 46,000 troops—some Canadian and American, but the bulk of them German—which climaxed weeks of intensive manoeuvres by Atlantic alliance forces. First, soldiers of the German army's II Korps along a portion bridge across the 400-foot river in 15 minutes, while NATO air force F-111s, Phantoms and Mirages roared overhead. Then, amphibious vehicles opened out their hatches and introduced to form a more solid bridge for a trailing procession of tanks and armor. Finally, while anti-tank helicopters hovered in the trees like noisy dragons, tanks

with long marks crossed on the riverbed to the other side.

At a press conference afterward, German army Chief of Staff Horst Hildebrandt was asked what impression he hoped Kyrilov would transmit to the Kremlin. Staff Hildebrandt: "I would like him to report that here was an army exercising within an alliance for one reason only—to preserve peace, liberty and democracy." Seasoned military correspondents, however, believe Kyrilov will have more to say than that. For this year's war game—under the code name "Autumn Forge"—had an underlying message that NATO, although a defensive alliance, is prepared to carry the fight to the enemy, and that at the start of yet another decade of confrontation, the alliance instrument to spearhead operations is the German Wehrmacht.

It is now more than 33 years since Hitler's Wehrmacht, after coming close to subduing Europe, was driven back inside the borders of the Reich and dis-

interested observers from China and India eye the newcomers "to preserve peace, liberty and democracy"

intended. For 11 years, until the NATO allies decided they needed a German contingent to help spread defence costs and stiffen the troops facing the overwhelming Warsaw Pact across the Rhine government had no military arm. But since 1964, when the new German army accepted its first recruits, it has grown steadily in manpower and efficiency. Today, the German army is the largest in Western Europe—236,000 men (and 60 women, all in the medical corps) in a Bundeswehr (armed forces) of 465,000. The Bonn government spends about \$40 billion annually on defence, equivalent to \$337 a head per year, and 33 per cent of all government



In the "Blue Danube" war game a German tank opens fire and troops (left) practice the River-Cross routine

The question which inevitably arises is whether the new German army, 60 per cent of it conscripted, is up to its role. Is it so formidable a foe as the two predators this century? When a similar question was put to a sample of German citizens a couple of years ago, the majority view was that the former Wehrmacht still provided the model. A good third of the respondents thought military training today was too lax.

It certainly is less rigorous than in the old days. Split-and-polish has been reduced to a maximum and the army has several unions, called "associations," to which its recruits (though strike action is forbidden), says the commanding officer of Canadian forces in Europe, Major-General Charles Bédard. "We [the Canadians] have largely held on to the old code of discipline. Democracy is what we are pledged to defend,

but democracy may not be the best tool to defend it with." So while Canadians are clean-shaven, Germans can wear beards and sideburns, though they are not so hirsute as Dutch soldiers some of whom, with beards of shoulder length or beyond, are hard to tell from hipsters.

Besides being hairier, Dutch conscripts are better paid than the Germans. But they are the only ones who are and the Bundeswehr's fringe benefits are legendary in NATO. A conscript receives a \$100 bonus each month for his service, a \$40 Christmas bonus, a free return rail ticket each month for leave leave, and an \$1,000 to \$2,000 discharge gratuity. Bonn evidently believes that a properly rewarded soldier is so crucial to the army's performance in the latest business, and the confidence of at least one Luck commander was striking evidence of this. He and he considered American equipment five years behind the Germans' and, as for U.S. troops: "We often surprise them asleep in the field during exercises."

Critics continue to insist, however, Manfred Wörner, opposition Christian Democrat spokesman, said recently that military practice and soldierly skills had been neglected to such an irresponsible degree that not all possible advantages was being obtained from new weapons systems. These, however, are foreseeable. The Bonn government funnels about 4.5 per cent of the nation's massive gross national product (GNP) to the Bundeswehr and the army gets a lion's share because of its worldwide. Next year it starts taking delivery of 1,000 Leopard II tanks, each costing about \$1.8 million—Canada this month is getting the first of its 135 Leopard

spending. In contrast, the U.S. army has 160,000 troops in Germany, Canada has 9,000, a mechanized brigade based at Lahr.

What is more, the Germans now spend about half the combat troops in the so-called "neutral zone," which NATO considers would be the main battleground if the Kremlin decided on a blitzkrieg. According to General Alexander Haig, supreme Allied commander Europe, NATO's forces are outnumbered there 2 to 1 on the ground, 2 to 1 in the air and 4 to 1 in tanks. And even these figures may be outdated. The International Institute of Strategic Studies in London has just reported that this year alone the Soviet Union has mobilized 7,000 new tanks, for a total of 16,000. So the Atlantic alliance relies heavily on the Germans for its conventional capability and that reliance will be reinforced, not reduced, if the Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR) talks which resumed last month in Vienna should result in further U.S. troop withdrawals.

## Selling NATO Canadian style

When Captain Jim Cunningham spoke the 22,000-ton Canadian support vessel *Preserver* into Barcelona's bustling harbor last week, he made by the destroyer's side of the first Destroyer Squadron, 425 destroyers were looking forward to joining the town. That was no problem in the swarming Spanish port. But there was more to the party yet than simply spreading goodwill and goodwill.

Canada and other NATO members would like to see Spain in the alliance while the Commonwealth is urging it to stay out. Recently the real battle has raged up their efforts and, without being the issue the United States has made it plain that it expects Madrid to accept wider responsibilities in the world of arms American disarmament. The French say Europe stops at the Pyrenees but you can be sure that if it came to war the Russians would not stop there. To drive home the message, President Jimmy Carter will almost certainly include Madrid in his next European tour.

He may have some persuading to do. While Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez and the military are in line of membership on the grounds that it would widen Spain's role in the world and provide an opportunity for it to modernize its armed forces, the Socialist party, potentially the next government, believes membership would risk of 1981 treaty and could provoke Soviet reprisals.

Nothing so crude as a threat of course, as ever heard to press the lips of Russian diplomats. They merely stress publicly, at every opportunity, the wisdom of involving political and military arrangements. And it is a way they need do no more. For although many Spaniards look toward to membership in NATO and the European Community as a stamp of respectability of their newfound democracy, they also recall that powerful friends are sometimes far more dangerous than enemies. As that is why they resist it. The 1966 disaster when a U.S. plane carrying an atomic bomb crashed in southern Spain. So the Canadians, while they look care to enjoy themselves on their goodwill visit, must accurately have been seen to be warning their time.

David Baird

—and a new generation of Leopards is already on the crawling board. The German army's Taw and Milan anti-tank weapons are the most sophisticated in Europe. Five of the weapons in its inventory ever have time to grow rusty.

Any Canadian who eloped his way along the Channel coast in 1944 may be forgiven for wondering whether such muscle may be building up to something more than a trial of strength with the Warsaw Pact forces to the east. The answer, as the German PR spokesmen never tire of pointing out, is that it just isn't the same any more. "We see a new generation," says Captain Ulrich Herrmann. "We are here to defend democracy, not to frighten anyone. We would not follow the orders Hitler gave in 1939." Some doubt as that point has been raised in recent months. Although the last officers to swear allegiance to the Führer are now collecting their pensions, Nazi sentiments do surface from time to time, notably in the military academies. In the most striking recent incident, hostilities at the Munich college gave Nazi salutes, shouted "Hitler Heil" and staged a symbolic burning ceremony. The authorities have responded to such incidents by violent political science instruction in the "new leadership" courses for officers. They also spend \$3 million a year on newspapers and magazines for the armed forces, which often carry articles and photos contrasting the role and philosophy of today's services with the past.

But the simple fact is that while not all German are military buffs—33 per cent of those called up last year spent for 18 months in civil service instead of 16 months military service—a large number still are. There are 260 Bundeswehr divisions with a total membership of 2,000 young people aged from 14 to 18. This clearly represents a problem for Hans Apel, 46, who inherited the defence portfolio in Munich, and there are others. The Bonn government is anxious to preserve its policy of rapprochement with the Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact countries, and it may have been concerned that the NATO alliance was "over-Germansized" its defence posture in Europe that led Apel to wonder in public recently whether the scale of the autumn exercises was not provocative. His parliamentary secretary of state Andrea von Ellow expressed similar reservations.

Such criticisms, however, are lost on Haig. He says, "To be strong is not provocative, to be weak is." And NATO Secretary General Joseph Luns backs that view. Understandably, perhaps, NATO's supreme commander is more interested in the German's military performance. It is a little-published but well-known fact that when Canadian Forces play the



"reds" (the baddies) they regularly also through the U.S. formations that are usually held by the Germans. So as "Hot War," the appropriately named and largely pessimistic on "Atlantic Forge" gets under way at NATO's Brussels headquarters, Apel is likely to get very few marks while the German officer goes to the top of the class. The simple fact is that political reservations notwithstanding, in terms of the military mind's "three Ms"—manpower, munitions and morale—it is the best the West has got.

## China

### After all, he was only human

The Chinese press called him chief of the "wind factories"—those opportunists who trimmed their ribs to suit every new political breeze. But in fact,

Ma Yeh lost his job last week as Peking's mayor for being too slow—he was outperformed by an old, more assertive, and helped out the door by a new trend to end the legacy of Mao Tse-tung.

A protégé of Mao's, Ma fell in with the radical Gang of Four at the chairman's death in 1976, and quickly helped them purge Teng Hsiao-ping (currently vice-premier). But the Gang in turn was purged by moderates, and Teng was off the blacklist. His supporters rallied against Ma as a slick spy—prissy fool,

China's Hua Kuo-feng and Yangshou-feng. This last summer: the best goes on.

suggested trouble, unsolicited garbage and more—which has embarrassed Chairman Hua Kuo-feng for months, and so the wind was taken out of Ma's sail.

In another sign that Mao's mystique is being trimmed, the People's Daily last week aired a 1949 speech by the late, reformed premier Chou En-lai. This pointed out a seldom-considered fact—that the chain-smoking chairman had been human. Quoted in the newspaper

"We must not take (Ma) as a unique godhead."

At the age of the Great Helmsman recedes, Peking's leaders are taking up a host of new ideas and friends. Already this year China has established formal ties with the European Community, and Ma's 18-day trip through Romania, Yugoslavia and Iran has given China a wider circle of acquaintances. Early this month, Foreign Minister Qiaoqiao Hua was in Italy, France, West Germany and Britain, drawing the prospect of official visits by Hua sometime next year. In keeping with the new Pe-

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## Whose finger on the Balkan trigger?

Who has the Chinese key is a bit head over many parts of the world it has slipped in one small corner. Albania and the region been that apparently inescapable shift in world alignments are changing events as far away as Washington. To state bluntly, the main goal by last July's official breakup of Albania's 17-year-old "unbreakable" leadership with China as a capital one. Will Albania, a beautiful but isolated mountain territory, bring this scenario the Atlantic, west to its alliance with the Soviet Union or will it look for other allies in the enormous gap caused by the withdrawal of China's aid and its 500 technicians?

Washington's main concern is the island of Sicily and the port of Vostok which could easily be transitioned into a major naval base. This powerful Soviet leadership squadron between 70 and 90 warships at its own level looks permanent facilities it has anchored near the Greek island at Limnos south of Cyprus and east the Turk west bay of Hellenism. It has a major and well-known in Lefkada. Syria and a broad one in the Yugoslav city of Kotor. But

the Yugoslav deal involves crippling infrastructure is built in Albania less than 100 miles from the coast of Italy would be a bonus for the Soviet navy.

It goes without saying that the U.S. Sixth Fleet already oriented at the Mediterranean, would visit even more uncomfortable, and Washington is trying to make sure Albania does not return to the Soviet fold. Through Greek diplomatic channels, the United States



has informed the regime of old-guard Albanian Communist broker heads that the U.S. is the only country capable of meeting its needs.

Economic considerations, however, have seldom played a major role in the political orientation of Albania, perhaps the most isolated country in Europe which considers itself the purest Communist revolution. May the last American leaders found a powerful ally transmitted a loose message no compromise either with "imperialist America" or "Revisionist Russia."

Discreet contacts continue. But the caution among the messages on the peninsula drives people which contacts. Toward the Albanian capital with Athens once a week, and working against the clock. Ho Chi, at 69 is wing and so it is his prime minister. Heavily educated Mehmet Shefa. Few westerners have extensive knowledge of the new generation of leaders.

And considering the advanced years of Yugoslav President Tito, the health of Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and recent Chinese overtures to Yugoslavia and Romania, the Balkans could well be the centre of more turmoil in the future. Albania might become the trigger for events that change the power map there. **Andrew Barrow**

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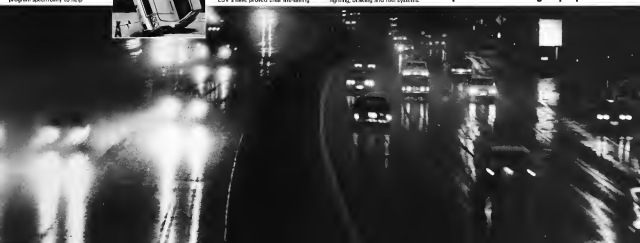
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king attitude that was common five years ago. Having shown a part of scientific and technological cooperation with Rome, discussed a multi-million-dollar contract for two tractor factories with Italian industrialists, and even a package deal for the sophisticated British military "Jaguar" jet in London, he also talked up the matter of arranging development capital to support a new program of industrial expansion. Then President Carter chipped in the news that China will be allowed to buy an American communications satellite, and that the U.S. will launch it.

Though too late that of his chairman, and almost everything China does these days, had a dual purpose: to help launch a major economic and military industrial program, and to erect a high-tech safety-line around the Soviet Union. The avowedly antirealist goal set by the moderate leaders who deplored the Gang of Four was to transform China into a modern economic power in the postwar era. In supporting this program, the People's Daily has even shown a distinctly capitalist bias. "Well-managed, economically efficient enterprises should get more in material interests, poorly managed enterprises should be given less or could have penalties imposed on them." In other words, the principle of enterprise accountability.

Although the Chinese insist they will develop industry generally, military production is now the top of the list. Peking claims the Soviets have stationed more than a million men along their common border, whose serious incidents have occurred for years. American experts estimate that up to 40 per cent of Soviet military strength is deployed there. Chinese military expansion is far the most part old and weary, and such modern equipment as the British jet is badly wanted.

Try as it is, the Moscow-Peking connection was further chilled last year when China and Japan signed a peace accord, and when the Chinese announced they would not renew the 1956 Sino-Soviet peace treaty when it lapses next year. This trip this summer brought further denunciations from Moscow and, even as it raged along in London, Western correspondents in Peking were whisked away to see the site of a recent, alleged, Soviet "provocation" in the far eastern province of Sakhalin. There are 2,000 square miles of disputed territory there, 3,476 of them occupied by the Soviets, according to a Peking official.

Who used to say that political people spring from a gray interest, and despite his close entanglement in the mythology business, one hazard will do well for a long time to come—read factors or no read factors.

Michael Chabon

## The Vatican

### When the lobbying had to stop

It had been a week of intense if almost politicking in the Vatican. As the 111 cardinals voted themselves in the silent, secret world of the conclave for the second time in seven weeks, they may have been glad to withdraw from the canopy of propitiations and pressures. Halfway through the week, for example, Giuseppe Siri, 82-year-old Archbishop of Genoa, a noted conservative and veteran of three conclaves, overheard the object of newspaper and radio stories that stressed his "social conscience" rather than his reluctance to reform. Clearly, a "campaign" along U.S. convention lines was under way.

Siri prepared the groundwork himself shortly after Pope John Paul died when he said in a news interview: "I am neither a progressive nor a conservative but an independent." Some speculated the campaign was an effort to "warm him out" as an interim put in—he had been the conservatives' and first choice in the last conclave—before voting started. But others disagreed. Said Robert Graham, an "outside" Jesuit working in Rome for 18 years: "He has a lot of friends."

In any case it wasn't the only action in town. Better informed of the procedures, more at ease with their role as Pope-makers, many of the cardinals

were usually churchgoers about their choice, making this a much more open conclave than the last. Czechoslovakian Primate Cardinal Tomasek ("this time it won't be an Italian") gashed for an Anglican of Italian descent, the progressive Edmund Szoka. Brazil's Roman Catholic Cardinal Arns said it was time for a Pope from the Third World and proposed 80-year-old Bernardo Giannini, the top-ranking black African in the Vatican.

Almost all the cardinals, fearing the world would be disappointed if the new Pope did not appear in his heart as quickly as John Paul, cautioned that the Pope must also be a "good administrator." "The pope is the best for a man like me," said an 87-year-old German Cardinal Ballestrero, now the Archbishop of Florence, but for years Pope Paul's administrative right-hand man.

As for the papabili, several seemed aware that their image was a definite factor in their election. Sergio Pappalardo, the powerful but progressive Venetian, even humorously, usually a warm host to journalists, was suddenly refusing all requests for interviews. Inside the conclave, however, surrounded by voluptuous Renaissance paintings, sleeping in heavy beds, shut off from telephones and alarm clocks, eating on long white-clothed tables in the Vatican apartments, the cardinals at least had the quiet they needed for what many say is ultimately a "spiritual decision." Basil Cardinal Hume of England lamented on "confessing against the will of a laity."

French Missionary Jacques Martin looks up the Sistine Chapel dome after the cardinals have left inside. The new conclave begins

This time, however, the windows of the apse were not being varnished and sealed, so that fresh air could wash through to the Sistine Chapel where the choice is formally made. Whatever the outcome of the deliberations, that change seemed to offer a symbol of a new openness that the new Pope is unlikely to ignore. Angela Ferrante

## United States

### Look who's behind the pot plants

With a simple trap, set and baited by a lady-for-hire, an American television company caught and exposed one of the most sinister and successful Soviet defectors of the century last week. They did it in a sideways courtyard cleft with cameramen peeping out from behind potted plants and producers lurking behind a magnolia. After all, Arkady Shervchenko was caught as a fugitive, prepared to risk the KGB's revenge for a slice of what he thought was the good life, the CIA has had to reassess its way of dealing with valued defectors. President Jimmy Carter has been dragged in and Congress may open an investigation.

An onyx character in born-rim, 47-year-old Shervchenko arrived—at the request of the Soviet Union—as United Nations undersecretary-general for political and Security Council affairs, just one year before Secretary-General Kofi Annan. On April 30 he applied for asylum in the U.S. and a number of reports have since suggested that he had acted as a U.S. spy since 1956. It is as secret or surprise that the Soviet Union deals ruthlessly with defectors. So the CIA began its cautious well-baited, disguised with a new identity for long postwar months of debriefing. Shervchenko was set up in a luxury apartment and paid \$675 a week. He was given a French name and identity papers and kept under constant watch.

But like so many other spies who have come in from the cold, he was lonely. His family was back in Moscow, his wife, according to the Russians, dead of an overdose. So he thrived through the yellow pages, found an "escort service" and seduced them, and that was how 20-year-old Judy Chavon moved into his life. Shervchenko paid her outrageous sum of money, \$35,000 to \$40,000, she says, bought her a sports car and took her to the Virgin Islands on holiday. But last week Chavon decided the cold make more money peddling her romance to the public.

She got hired an agent, a book contract for \$200,000 was negotiated



And a quiet dinner for Soviet defector Shervchenko (below), hotel owner Chavon (above), the CIA, NBC and her agent



and, to launch the idea, the National Broadcasting Corporation was offered an exclusive. Chavon would call her lawyer to write him for lunch, but she would not turn up, in her place would be an "investigative reporter" to quiz Shervchenko about how he was spending the taxpayer's money. The twist was that the Iron Gate Inc. moved away to a quiet backwater just around the corner from the Canadian Embassy. Long before the appointed time, he turned up with three camera crews, a lawyer, a producer and the reporter. The only printer customers in the cold were a young waiting couple and then when word came that the CIA was not ratifying her to the drama. Shervchenko and a CIA bodyguard stated that the TV news would. A man with a spotlight panned out from behind the magnolia, a camera swung from a boom, and reporter James Falk pushed a microphone forward.

The resulting interview added nothing worth recording. But then it was Chavon's turn. She said Shervchenko at first paid her \$200 a night, then was switched to \$5,000 a month. At one point, she added, the FBI called her to find out "exactly how much money I was receiving from him as the CIA had asked them in question." Later she added that she had her \$100,000 in 1966 because she was suspicious she was being paid in government funds. The CIA, naturally, has denied giving Shervchenko any cash sums. They point out that when he left the United Nations he packed up \$75,000 in bank notes, and Chavon raised a laugh when he said questioners, "If the figure the woman quoted was accurate, which they aren't, it would be highly inefficiency."

As for Shervchenko, he has been moved from his apartment, given yet another phony name and hidden away. As a CIA official said: "This was all very dangerous. It could have cost him his life." It could also remove yet another cloak of respectability from the agency. Recently the CIA was heavily criticized for its treatment of Yuri Nosenko, who defected after President Kennedy's assassination. Nosenko, it was revealed, was kept in solitary confinement for three years.

William Lanthier

## United States

### Rhodesia's Smith in never-never land

A's official Washington continued to A'side-leader Rhodesia Prime Minister Ian Smith last week he turned for comfort to yesterday's men. After



an ambassador with former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, there were plans for him to talk this week with former treasury secretary John Connally and former president Gerald Ford. There were even rumors that he might visit Richard Nixon.

It was a disappointing second-best for Smith, who came to America with fellow executive-cabinet member, the Rev. Billy Graham, hoping to revive the nation behind his internal settlement plans. President Jimmy Carter, the man he really wanted to see, would not have him in the White House and, extreme right-wing circles apart, he seemed to have made no impact on public opinion.

True, Smith had a meeting with some of the congressmen who sponsored his visit. He also appeared before several congressional committees, paid a fruitless negotiating call on Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, and engaged in a steady diplomatic dance with the administration. This was over its attempts to maneuver him into agreeing to sit down with Rhodesian guerrilla leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe in an all-party conference to guide Rhodesia toward independence.

But mostly he just talked to reporters and TV cameras, attracting little notice. Nor did the carefully timed announcement, back home in Salisbury, endow racial segregation. The American press was quick to note Rhodesian blacks need to earn a lot more money to take advantage of the lifting of restrictions on wages, education and medical treatment.

Smith's end reception came as he flew to Britain. A Labor government, which privately had feared that his address to the U.S. meant Washington was retreating in joint efforts for a solution, was also worried that the Conservative had signaled the end of the alliance treating Rhodesia as a non-party issue. But that was not comfort to Smith. At week's end, two more executive council members, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Chief Jeremiah Chirau, flew in to reinforce his team. It was a move unlikely to turn the trick. Ian Smith seemed destined to leave the U.S. an empty-handed as he came. William Lovett



## Mideast

### Not quite signed and sealed yet

**T**he overriding impression at Egyptian and Israeli opened their negotiations for a formal peace treaty in Washington last week was that the United States is trying—thus far, successfully—to play the role of a puppeteer, with President Jimmy Carter pulling the



Dayan with Egyptian Defense Minister General Kamel Hussein after talking at the peace talks

strings. After two days of talks, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan was asked how things were going. "Good," he replied. As one White House correspondent pointed out, that answer seemed to reflect the extent of Israel's Americanization—"replacing an adverb with an adjective."

The negotiations opened in Blair House, just across from the White House. In another indication of American influence, George Shermans of the state department was the sole spokesman. His first statement read, "It was a very good beginning. The atmosphere is cordial, friendly and constructive, with all the delegations showing a common determination to get on with the job."

The "job" in question is to translate the "framework" of the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty sketched at Camp David last month into what Carter has described as "a lasting structure for peace." So far, the American negotiators Friday put forward a draft treaty that both sides have accepted as a "vehicle for negotiations."

The formal ceremonies for signing the treaty are expected to be in the Sudan and a possible target date is Nov. 20, the anniversary of Sadat's visit to Jerusalem. By then details of Israel's withdrawal from the Sinai should be complete—barring outside interference, that is. But at the week's end there were reports of a Syrian army buildup in Lebanon, threatening the uneasy coexistence between the Syrians and Christians in Beirut. If they were to resume fighting, observers feared, the Israeli could be drawn in. That, in turn, could set the area alight once again.

## Sweden

### How they caught out Honest Abe

**A**lthough Sweden once more has a government this week, a gaping cavity on the Baltic coast north of Stockholm still echoes a memorial to the country's first non-Socialist administration in 64 years. The crater, dug to hold the foundations of Sweden's fifth nuclear power station, was the direct cause of the fall of Premier Thorbjörn Fälldin's Center-Conservative-Liberal coalition, 26 months into a three-year term.

Sweden's "Honest Abe," as Fälldin is known, was off in 1976 by campaigning vigorously against new atomic power plants, and even promised to shut off the fire in operation. He said the risk of radiation was too much to pay to wean Swedish industry away from foreign oil. But Fälldin's Conservative and Liberal partners pushed for more power plants, and one of his first acts in office was to throw the switch to open generator No. 6. From there, Fälldin lost ground rapidly as more plants were constructed, though not turned on.

The premier's Centerist deputies insisted that Fälldin dig in his heels and hold to office at least wanted to live up to his election promise. So he made a stand on the matter of Forsmark Three, Sweden's atomic plant No. 11, which was to be erected above the massive pit. But his power brokers talked him out of it and the sharp-tongued premier had no choice but to resign.

All of which shows that it is difficult for a non-socialist government to make headway in Sweden. Hence the smile these days on Socialist ex-premier Olof Palme's usually sly face. The new premier, the Union of the small Liberal party—which commands a mere 26 seats in the 340-seat Riksdag (parliament)—will stay in social general elections are held next year. But he will be a bridge to Sweden's socialist reality—the Social Democrats hold 150 seats.

Chris Follett



Unlucky new premier Olof Palme has shaken the deck

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## People

It will be galling for some who remember wire-whip artist **Julia Child** as *The French Chef*—but when she returns to her beloved kitchen after a five-year absence, she'll be no mere Fernster (from a *Roots*-inspired scene). In departing from her old format, Child will now prepare an entire meal on each show in her 13-part series, "drawing recipes from anywhere and everywhere. That's really the American way." Speaking of America, Child is upset over the state of the nation's stomach, particularly President Carter's

eats it. The "No. 1" is a sandwich, a specialty of the house at Joe Steinmann's restaurant, where, naturally enough, the majority owner Steinmann has put game meals. When the former Toronto Argonaut (CFL-TF) took the restaurant over three years ago, he was warning the Washington bench and the menu was in the red. Now that he's rated the top spot in the NFL, business is booming and plans are under way to practically double the seating capacity. Joe gleefully refers to the res-

tor *Howl* is the Bible Belt. Harren, the 54-year-old author-actor, was glancing through the *Gideon Bible* in a motel room in Nashville when struck by the idea that he should rewrite the world's best-selling biblical tales. Although the original authors didn't have to contend with editors, Harren's latest-day revisions at Gage Publishing Limited saw fit to red-pen his story, *Isaiah's Ass*. "It made me mad," complained Harren from Nashville, where he's presently working on the 10th anniversary *For the Few* special.

**Steinmann eat and run**



Child, like 'on the ball

discovered in the finer points of dining and drinking. "If someone asked me to use of those receipts and I knew they weren't serving drinks," said Child, "I'd say, 'No thank you.'"

They may not have lasted, but it looks as if though producer **Ray Stark** and America's movement to reach **Robert Redford** have made up. The rift started when Redford sued Stark for several million dollars after the movie *Angel* resented an alleged promise to give Redford a Ferrari and a percentage of the box office from *The Way We Were*. Recently, the suit was settled for \$775,000 and another movie, *The Electric Blueberry*—in which Redford will star with Jane Fonda. Although Redford will be paid \$2 million for *Howe* (plus 12% per cent of the top gross) he will have to use the Ferrari. It's probably just as well. "The only reason I wanted the car" said the 41-year-old Redford, "was so I could drive it through Stark's garage door."



Harren: 'It's all in the retelling'

In the field, Washington Redskins' undefeated quarterback **Joe Theismann** wears the No. 7 Off the field, he

taunted as "a historic landmark in Northern Virginia since 1975."

It is impossible for **Don Harren's** fourth and latest book, *Gile Charles Fergusson's* *Testimony*, didn't come to him in a blinding flash of stroke light—but it happened roughly, it happened last year while he was on location doing TV's

In Winnipeg, hockey star **Bobby Hull** turned on the golden jura and left no longer unharmed. In Fredericton, New Brunswick Premier **Richard Hatfield** did a little fast-food politicking and in Ottawa, former *Twilight* member **Donald Macdonald** did his variation of a Big Mac. In a good cause, it was McMillan Day is fund-raising day in which McDonald's restaurants in Canada raised both \$5.37 for Crippled Children. Although headlines of sports, entertainment and political personalities took part in the festivities, there was one spotlight: **Mike Palmucci**, Toronto Maple Leafs' general manager, wouldn't eat his hamburger. Why? "I don't like onions."

It happens to the best of them. First there was **Walter** then came **George Lorne**, who played a put-upon Italian widower in *A Special Day*. Now, the comely 30-year-old **Raguel Welch** is planning to be the apron stringer round herself in an upcoming, as yet untitled United Artists movie, in which she'll play the mother of a 10-year-old daughter. Although the real-life parent of two children, **Damon** and **Talene**, the three-divorced Welch doesn't have much time for housework these days. Having just closed



Welch: giving a little motherly advice

her nightclub act in **Lake Tahoe**, Welch is presently preparing to sing, dance and act as co-host, along with **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, of the Nov. 13 TV special called *Phyllis Wood's Diamond Jubilee*.

When a whiskered **Donald Fessenden** showed up in Montreal last week to shoot his part in the movie *Ladytramp*, he was told by director **Charles Friesland** that the unsightly stubble had to go. According to Friesland, Fessenden didn't look bearded, he simply looked scruffy and not very photogenic. Fessenden apologized, but explained that he needed the beard for an upcoming role in the movie *Devil's* (starring **Paula Patton**, directed by *Saturday Night Fever's* **John Badham**) which starts filming next week in Britain. "Friesland told me he wanted a beard when I play a doctor in charge of a harem system," said Fessenden. "I would have grown it sooner, but before Montreal I was in London doing a beer commercial and they wanted me to look my old boring self."

When **Anne Murray's** husband **Bill Langstroth** says "Gonna, Anne replies, "How wide?" The reason being that Langstroth, a television producer-owne bongo player and singer (*Shogun's* *Julius*, *The Tommy Hunter Show*) has become Murray's up-close and personal photographer. (For verification see the credit accompanying the gorgeous soft-focus picture "Having the knack of being 'in the right place at the right time,'" Langstroth shot Anne's last album cover and took the photo for her 15th album, *A New Kind of Feeling*, to be released in January. Although this is one advantage of those acquainted not to mix their personal and professional lives, especially Anne's doing well enough on her own. Her latest single, *You Needn't Me*—not dedicated to her husband—is on its way to outlasting *Reunited*. — Edited by Jane O'Hara



Murray: with the crowd



its side. Alberta says it merely wants "fair value" for its resources, interpreting that to mean the oil-dictated world price, a price seen by consumers in the rest of Canada as unfair. There is little sympathy for Alberta's argument that it has already contributed to \$14 billion to the national economy in the last five years by charging less than the world price. For, despite the contribution, royalties keep Alberta down at the lowest level in Canada and have created a \$4-billion Heritage Fund.

Alberta has the oil and gas and just might not need any sympathy. However, Ottawa has the Petroleum Administration Act, giving it the power to set oil and gas prices in a matter of hours. As yet, no one is willing to bet that Ottawa will use an offsetting system to prohibit, for resale, all the oil and gas leaving the province. If it doesn't like the price set by Ottawa, it might refuse to sell, leading to a constitutional stand-off. While the dispute could not be resolved by a compromise, with Alberta agreeing to freeze oil prices for six months in return for Ottawa's approval of more gas exports, it could just as easily end up with a courtroom showdown over the control of resources in Canada.

— Ian Urquhart

## Back to the wellhead

When you're hot, you're hot, and when you're not, you're Ontario. Or so it seems for the province's hapless corporate tax collectors who, in a shivering tax-dense man's world, now face an Exxon oil-coal company to tax-fight western titan Imperial Oil Ltd.'s creation last August of a Calgary-based subsidiary to handle exploration and development made big holes in Ontario's revenues, married its reputation as a home to big business and hurt its plan to wipe out a \$1.6-billion budgetary deficit by 1992. Now, Gulf Oil Canada Ltd. may join the westward march from that legend rolling out two years ago when a formidable Shell Canada Ltd. decided its tax payments were better served from the cash-baked streets of Calgary. Gulf is willing to see how desperate Ontario is to deal for its continuing share of the roughly \$800 million Gulf paid to governments in 1977, but the province's treasury officials are watching themselves against the likelihood of yet another \$10 million (bringing the total to \$90 million) disappearing down the drain.

What has treasury officials fingered their tightening collars to the chilling thought that other resource companies will follow the Imperial and Gulf examples. Donors Allen, a former executive director of treasury's fiscal policy divi-



Imperial's Armstrong (top) and Gulf's Miller. Western grass looks greener

sion who is now assistant deputy minister of industry and tourism, believes that "over a period of time these issues will become endemic. Then we'll have to approach the feds and say 'For Christmas, Ottawa, will you please do something to reduce the imbalance in the tax system.'"

The imbalance and the gentle Alberta tax treatment date from 1974, the year Alberta began to allow oil companies its share of Crown royalties as tax deductions to encourage exploration.

Ontario does not, much as it wish with none of the profitable oil wells, most of the desperate gas stations and nearly all the unprofitable refineries. Add Alberta's lower corporate tax rate (11 per cent, versus 18 per cent in Ontario) and the advantage of taxing profits in Alberta approaches 40 to 50 cents per barrel—a compelling economic argument by anyone's measure.

So far, the threat of Ontario retaliation with value-added royalty taxes has Gulf undeterred. "Frankly," Gulf's director of taxation Bill Webb explains, "it really isn't something you want to do unless you have to. There are implications." That didn't bother Imperial President Jack Armstrong and Director Bill Macdonald in former Ontario treasurer Darcy McKeough's office April 21, a treasury official recalls. "They were saying we ought to be glad they weren't meeting the whole world." That disclaimer scenario is still an alternative for the warring Gulf, but not before a compromise solution suggested by Gulf Executive Vice-President Wil-

liam Miller is rejected—perhaps because it leaves Gulf \$1 million poorer than if it moved west. With the day of reckoning fast approaching, Ontario Treasurer Frank Miller has Gulf slated as top priority upon its return from two weeks in Europe. His only recourse may be to jolt life into Ontario's stagnant refining industry by asking Ottawa to limit U.S. imports of Canadian gas refined upon the American also importing more refined oil from Canada and less from OPEC. Says McKeough, counselling understanding of the oil companies' position. "We will have to play all our cards together." — Ian Brown

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# Ghost player in the sky

By Hal Quinn

The Yankees were hauling off a memorable sudden-death playoff drive and the Dodgers, during their impotence at the Wadsworth, had won another pennant in Huggins Valley. They were getting set to revive a rivalry that spans four decades when suddenly a Dodger of 26 years was struck down, and the World Series became a struggle in which Mr. October met The Devil.

It all started back in 1903 in "New York." It was a wonderful town then. City Hall wasn't fusing brains, the Rockettes had steady work and there were the magnificent "subway series." The Giants played in the Polo Grounds, the Yankees in their Stadium and "Dem Bums" were roaring up Dodger Hill in Ebbets Field. The Brooklyn Dodgers fanatics came to jeer and cheer "Oink" and "The Duke" and "Pee Wee" and the great Jackie Robinson. And that year they came to watch a rookie, No. 19.

Some fans, opponents and interviewers called Jim Gilliam, the first 28-year-old second baseman, "Nigger." The rest called him "Jimmy," which to Gilliam was about the same. The ones who knew him well called him "The Devil." He couldn't be the silent but businesslike who broke the baseball color bar, wanted him to be. But as Gilliam quietly went about his job, his ego-pacifying, we earned him his baseball nickname.

They buried Jim Gilliam the morning of the second game of this 19th World Series. They mourned him in the apartment building that now stands in place of Ebbets Field and eulogized him in Los Angeles, where the Dodgers moved in '58, making marathon and three full-size circles of the varietal. The California Dodgers weren't called Bums, more often they are called guests on TV game shows. But a generation and the breadth of a continent removed, they dressed Mark Air patches and served the champagne duties to No. 19.

Davey Lopes now plays second for the Dodgers. He put on Dodger Blue 19 years after Gilliam first wore it. This



Jackson strikes a gut on Welch's as he to end Game 2: the Gilliam factor

The Devil was in the coach's box on the first base side.

Against a backdrop of carbon monoxide haze and under the bright arc of a neon ball of a petroleum company, the scoreboard at Chavez Ravine last Tuesday flashed L-O-S-E-S and the largest Dodger Stadium crowd ever (three heads shot of 54,000) cheered. In seven Lopes lined Ed Figueroa's first pitch over the 386-foot sign in left center and the Dodgers were on their way. The Yankees sent four in the mound but as Lopes explained after finishing off with a three-run homer "Jimmy was up there watching. There were 50 of us up there because his spirit was in every one of our 26 years." Those 56 collected 15 hits and 11 runs in Game One.

Standing alone on the other side of home plate had been Reggie Jackson—Mr. October. He was everything in last year's ninth edition of the Dodge-Yankees Series collection: Jackson's fairy-tale three homers in the final game—justifying the nickname that celebrates his post-season pterodactyl—will be retold by the million who saw them and the legion who will say they did. This night he stood and waited for Tommy John to munter to the mound in the top of the seventh to make his two-hit shutout. Jackson rose above the boom and broke John's 33 consecutive scoreless innings string with a 400-foot homer.

He was the only Yankee at Gilliam's

funeral the next morning. He sat with Lopes, former manager Walter Alston, manager Tom Lasorda and pitching greats Don Newcombe and Joe Black. The new Dodgers were there, and so were some of the Brooklyn boys of summer—Roy Campanella, Pee Wee Brown, Duke Snider. Jackson was eloquent and won a chorus of awns as he spoke of Gilliam and Christianity beside a velvet blue-on-silver No. 19 at the front of the Trinity Baptist Church.

The spirit of The Devil infected the crowd at Game 2 when the ads for next year's season tickets blinked off the scoreboard long enough for an announcement that Gilliam's uniform had been burned with him.

The Yankees, too, regained their spirit—battling on the bus and squabbling over how large a share of the take Billy Martin would get for taking them to 16 games back of the Red Sox and how much his replacement as manager, Bob Lemon, would get for bringing them to L.A. Once back on the field, Yankee pitcher Catfish Hunter made one bad pitch—"I hung a slider and The Ponies (Dodger third baseman Ben Cey) put it over"—so was Jackson's three outs. The Dodgers were ahead 6-3.

Bo Welch, a 21-year-old right-hander called up from Albuquerque, trotted out for a standing ovation. He dispersed with Yankee catcher Thurman Munson before Mr. October stepped in with two out, two on, trailing by one.

A grounder by Yankee's Greg Nettles sprang by Davey Lopes and Gentry (right) with a winning pitch to the Dodgers.



Welch ("My best in my fastball") fired and Jackson ("I swing too hard") almost fell. The next fastball was right at Jackson's head. Reggie fouled one off and the crowd, still standing, roared. He fired the next one into the second deck and that cooled them off. Jackson fired the next pitch into the third deck and the mob howled. They screamed as a fastball sailed high and inside. They danced at their seats when Jackson fouled again. Then it came high and wide and the chant was at the mystic three and two. The shattered roof of the stadium was shaking as Jackson stopped out ("I tried to mix and lay back down") and then settled back in. Welch fired his ninth fastball and Jackson swung ("It was a bit inside but it was a pitch I couldn't take") and missed.

Reggie slumped into the dugout as the Dodgers mobbed Welch. He shoved manager Lemon who shoved back, as Dodgers manager Lasorda hugged Lu



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by wonder. Jackson said Jackson was too off that he could be the hero. Lacroix said it was one of the greatest moments in series history. Mr. October said he'd been thinking of something else.

The Devil traveled to New York with the Dodgers. "Man, that team is spiritually high," said Jackson. "Lopes is instantly penetrated by the spirit of Giffman." The Tanks threw their act, but Ron Gaskley had already thrown #12 against this season. He came with his football and mother Mamon said it wasn't peeping. Lopes hit the first pitch deep to centre, facing fielder Mickey Rivers back. But it's 617 feet to the wall there, 60 feet to the left in "Dech Valley." Rivers caught a Glenn. Having home run and the fielded-up Lopes was just a long out.

All night the Yankees went into Lopes at second like the red-neck had gone after Giffman. In the second, Greg Nettles drove over by him, then Chris Chamberlain took him out in a while to break up a double play. Brian Day is still into him, forcing a one hit, two-out threat to Steve Garvey at first. In the seventh it was Paul Blair's turn. He hit and forced another lead runner from Lopes and Mamon followed with an RBI single.

Lopes swung the ball each trip to the plate, but it was Nettles who was charged that New York night. He took a Lopes line drive in the third, then, with the bases loaded and two out in the sixth, he backhanded what looked like a Lopes triple and the running was over. Nettles had done the same to Garvey with the bases loaded in the fifth. In the Yankees took the third game 5-1 and by Saturday's rainy fourth, there was devil enough in Mr. October. With the Yankees trailing 8-0 in the sixth, Jackson had just smacked in the team's first run. Dodgers shortstop Bill Russell then dropped a soft line from Lou Piniella and stopped on second to force Jackson out. But Reggie wasn't there, he was back by first, and Russell's throw bounced off his right thigh, past first base, allowing Thomas Mamon to score. Reggie asked later if he didn't smear on a little that he didn't block the throw intentionally, Reggie said he really couldn't answer that.

The Yankees tied 3-3 in the eighth and after Jackson smogged with two out in the 10th, he wandered over to the dugout to consult Piniella on his cousin's game. Game 2, peeing Dodge pitcher Wally Pate pitched later Piniella punched in the winner and the series was tied 2-2, pinned to go back to L.A. "Glenn Giffman is a 30-year-old in the Series," Jackson said in the locker room. "But he can't hit for them and there are people like Nettles and myself that are going to be factors, too." Amen.

## Villeneuve triumphs at Monaco North

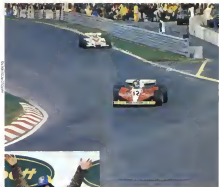
It was like the old days of Enzo GT. Huge crowds all crowded and all going in the same direction. Packed subway trains released their cargo of spectators on the Notre-Dame instead of garages, they had come to see the spectacle of Grand Prix car racing. Already the air was full of screaming engines, up-shifting and downshifting their gears through the corners, bright colors traversing the vibrant field. The cars moved with the speed of catfish skills. Sandstone, the legendary figure, made them controlling the subtle mechanics. The air was filled with swirling scents of racing oil. Big-time auto racing had hit Montreal, the new Monaco of the North.

The sleek, black Lotus-79 of Jean-Pierre Jarier made the fastest time in the qualifying races. The Lotus car incorporated an inverted wing design for its body, a design first used in the Second World War on the wing of the Gloster aircraft, the faster the car goes, the more suction effect develops beneath the car to pull it down, giving greater traction in the corners.

Joly Schocker was second in qualification, driving the Williams Walter Wolf. His driving style scared the staff and the staff's reaction was to the track. Third fastest was Gilles Villeneuve of Berthoud, Quebec, in his Ferrari 312 T-6. A Canadian car and a Canadian driver both in the top three, the debut of the new Grand Prix circuit. He had been a driver in a Formula 1.

Montreal is a city of fire and excitement. Witness the way the Olympic games were pulled off despite the difficulties and pandemonium. And with an eye on the upcoming municipal elections, what better way than for Mayor Jean Drapeau to paralyze his way into public attention by staging a premiere sporting event, the Grand Prix of Canada. He jumped at the opportunity when presented to him by Grand Prix Canada Inc., an umbrella company of Lakoff Brothers.

Prime Minister Trudeau landed in his white jet Rauger helicopter, with a great flourish, to start the race. The cars made one warm-up lap before starting at their designated grid positions and the engines roared a frenzy as the starting light was given by Trudeau. The pack of cars swarmed toward the first obstacle and after one lap, Villeneuve had been passed by Alan Jones.



The red Ferrari takes the lead in Canada's Grand Prix. Below, a victorious Villeneuve.

In the back of Villeneuve's mind were his instructions to go easy as the first 15 laps to allow his crew to warm up.

The order was Jarier pulling away from a small train made up of Jones, Schocker and Villeneuve. Alan Jones began to have one of his near turn gas flat and on the 28th lap of the 70-lap race he was passed by Villeneuve. At the last hairpin turn of the course the fans were up-pulling the race of the cars. "Go, Gilles, go," they chanted. Coming into the turn the two cars were side by side. Villeneuve suddenly accelerated, then applied maximum force to his brakes. He slid in front of the Williams and now was sweeping toward post-

tion. Resulting the incident later he quipped, "Yeah, I really had to grip my teeth on that one."

Meanwhile Jarier's Lotus had built up an immense lead of over 30 seconds. Suddenly on the 46th lap, Jarier pitted his car. The gearbox had ruptured as it said, he had driven his car too hard. His day was over. Just then Villeneuve passed by the gate and glanced quickly at his pit signal.

A driver went up his spine. He realized that he was leading the race. As he entered the turning corner around the perimeter of the island he kept saying to himself, "Ferrari in the best car, Ferrari in the best car." He began to get anxious. He recalls the experience, "These were the longest laps of my life. I kept hearing extra noises from the car." Controlling his steering wheel, gearbox and brake pedal, he talked himself deeper into concentration. "My car won't break now, it will never break." He was pushing himself, the pain in his back from the constant lunge movements and over 2,000 gear changes had vanished. He was aware, not of the corner of his eye, of the partisan crowd waving him on.

As the bright red Ferrari made its last lap, it was swept along by a wave of outstretched hands. When Villeneuve crossed the finish line he dug both his hands in the air in jubilation. He had won his first Grand Prix. A Canadian champion appears to be in the making. **Michael McElroy**

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## War in the air: disunity still on top

The two-week strike by air traffic controllers in June, 1976, was no ordinary labor dispute. It cut into the fabric of Canadian society and represented, according to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, the country's greatest crisis since conscription in World War II. Although the prime minister was accused of hyperbole at the time, he may yet be proven right. For, just as the divisive impact of conscription lingered long after the war, the ramifications of the air traffic control dispute are still being felt, most recently in a landmark decision last last month on the public-service union front. The dispute has had far-reaching impact because the controllers walked off the job, in defiance of a court decision, to protest the gradual introduction of French in air-traffic-related communications over Quebec.

The controllers argued that the use of French was a threat to passenger safety. The government believed the controllers' real concern was with the security of their own jobs, but agreed to appoint a commission of inquiry into the use of French in the air. Eight months later, the Parti Québécois was



Controllers at Bonnal solving the problem

started in Quebec—and many credited the victory largely to the air traffic dispute and its tangled message: French is a second-class language in Canada.

The French-speaking controllers, stirred by the attitude of their English-speaking "seniors" in the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association, walked out. About 330 applied to the Public Service Staff Relations Board, the civil service labor court, for permission to break away from the 2,100-member union and form their own Quebec-based bargaining unit. Supported by the Association des Gens de l'Air, an organization of Quebec airlines partly funded by the Parti Québécois government, the French-speaking controllers called their union racist and charged it had run roughshod over minority rights. They also brought evidence before the staff relations board that showed clear cases of discrimination against francophone members.

It seemed an open-and-shut case. But there were other, larger issues involved that posed a dilemma for the board. If it allowed the French-speaking controllers to break away, it would, in effect, be endorsing a form of separatism. It would also set a precedent for other unions, such as those at the post office, to follow and might lead to similar bids by disgruntled public service members.

Roger Bonnal, now the union should read "there's French in this air-traffic France"

in the West and the Maritimes.

After his flings on the issue, the board and its chairman, J. H. Brown, agonized over the decision for a full 15 months. Finally, last month, the board announced it had rejected the French-speaking controllers' application. But instead of appealing to doctors for national unity, the board leaned on narrow, legalistic grounds in its decision, 347-page judgment. Worse, it brushed aside the charges of racism as little more than a signpost of the French-speaking controllers' imagination. What matters, the board said, is that due process is followed inside the union. In the case of the controllers' union, it was. The French-speaking members were simply outvoted.

The board left itself wide open to attack in its reasoning. Declared Gens de l'Air President Roger Bonnal, "The demands of second-class citizens have been given a first-class hearing." Similar comments appeared elsewhere in the French-language press and federalist forces in Quebec were dismayed as the case continued to haunt them.

The French-speaking controllers have won some new respect inside their union. French versions of the collective agreement are now accepted as having status equal to the English counterpart. Whether this state of affairs will last now that the union has beaten back the break-away bid remains to be seen. The first test could come later this year when the government-appointed commission of inquiry releases its findings on the use of French in the sky. If, as expected, the inquiry finds that French is just as safe as English, the controllers may strike again. The union—and the country—might not survive a replay.

Jan Uggahøi



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## Art

# Modern mystic, witty prophet

Every 300 seconds, the tiny, legless tin puppet lurches forward convulsively, elongating its head with dramatic force against a silver ball. The effect is eerie, violent by proxy at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Charlie McCarthy has been updated as a media-masthead stand-in by New York artist Dennis Oppenheim in a piece called *An Attempt to Answer Bill*.

"I wanted to engage in an act that would have killed me," explains Oppenheim, "no I reduced myself to a surrogate, a voodoo symbol. *An Attempt to Answer Bill* was a screaming-up, it dealt with violence and revivification. In '78 I was desperate, almost shell-shocked, after the combustion of the 60s."

Considered a prophet by some, Oppenheim is undoubtedly an international star in the elite and hermetic world of avant-garde art known severally as conceptual, process, earth and performance



Oppenheim, with banding knees, in front of 'Battered Mountain', 'Answer the Issues' (below) burning flesh into a night sky

art—non-art to the non-believers. He comes with impeccable credentials: more 300 exhibitions (the *Vogue* Biennale among others) and inclusion in the great contemporary museum collections of the world—but surprisingly, the 48-year retrospective recently organised by Montreal's Musée d'Art Contemporain was his first in North America. In Toronto until mid-November, the exhibition of sculptures, drawings, photographs, films and video works continues on to the Winnipeg Art Gallery

next year and possibly to the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

At home, in his elegant loft near SoHo (the New York artist's enclave), surrounded by shag skins, Persian rugs, African masks and a pricey collection of Lalique vases, Oppenheim—dreadlocks, preps his feet up in a round oak tub and snags open the first Budweiser of a three-beer supper. The modern mystic is urban cowboy. With an unapologetic reason bolstered by wit and whimsy, he can admit far hours about life, love and his latest ideas for sculpture: a chocolate room, a hot-oat walk, a death hole for the Kingdom of Iran, tree houses which poison the very trees they're in, and a deadly acid tent in a wet world, if it's ever

both, may be the ultimate experience for some urinary viewer who falls into it. His art, like his environment, is hardly the work of an ascetic, although his over-sized refrigerator contains a fasting, containing little more than frozen crab legs, a jar of chili sauce and a plate with week-old cake crumbs.

With his blue jeans, blue eyes and fallen-angel face, this rascally, pouty, radiantly brilliant 40-year-old looks like the Marlboro Man gone slightly to seed. But Oppenheim is selling messages, not objects (his works do not sell like hotcakes). For Dennis Oppenheim and many artists of the last two decades, it's the thought that

counts. Since the '60s, when Marcel Duchamp's inverted "ready-mades" jettisoned old attitudes and definitions, artists have taken to proclaiming that anything (including daily life) is art, if the artist says it is.

After having read in the mid '60s, Oppenheim switched from West Coast "funk" to minimalist land-art. First, merely claiming certain sites as works of art, then relieving the geography itself, mapping and marking with graphic drawings, signs, snow tracks, hay masts, goose-neck wheel-birds, barbed wire, a smile sculpture in the sky, and Nov-

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So he turned inward, using his own

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body as medium and message. Art became autobiographical, anger and action became ingredients, and the artist emerged in the up-and-coming and romantic role of shaman, dealing in talismans and mystique. "The late '60s were extreme," he remembers. "Your hands no longer held crude tools—they were appendages, directing energy back into yourself through simple, isolated acts. Everything started to heat up. You'd wake up in the morning and weren't sure if you'd survive the day. Art was incredibly rich, full of vast emotions and mysteries in real time. There was no choice. I did a piece about fear, for example, and had my wife throw these huge bricks at me while a video camera was trained on my face." In another piece, making formal connections between idea and art, he "engraved" his arm the same way he'd "engraved" the land, in another, using his skin as a canvas, Oppenheim branded himself in the sun to produce a pattern of second-degree burns, and in one film, he carried a series of gingerbread men, displaying the resultant faces as the conclusion, the final work of art. (Interestingly, the vomit, meant to permeate the cookies, never materialized.)

In the last five years, the arena of art has changed and he with it. The atmosphere is less charged now, more traditional, and Oppenheim—self, sometimes, contradictory—has added theatrical installations to his other work, creating complex metaphors for the environment, using puppets and props as vehicles for performance. Around the corner (1974), he eventually spilled out in lights across the landscape at East River, N.Y., then went on to erect stage sets in pieces such as *Ghost Town* (1978), *Walking Wind* (1979) and *Chimney Outfield* (1980), which explore the layers between illusion and reality. But there's an edge, a moral: "Everyone wins or ego-driven there, all that juggling and gronks and useless self-improvement. I wanted to announce the Harlem, the severe problems in our world." His images are filled with fear, fragmentation and frustration, the paradoxical obsessions sometimes obvious, sometimes veiled with fantasy and irony. "This art is about freedom and risk," says Oppenheim. "It's necessary."

If artists share a special status in society as chosen beings, it's also true that even within their sacred circles, some are more equal than others by virtue of the power of their aura. One of his late-ego puppets begins and lives to an endless refrain from his theme song: "It ain't what you make, it's what makes you do it." Dennis Oppenheim is better "art" than others—not that he makes it easy.

Markus Weiler

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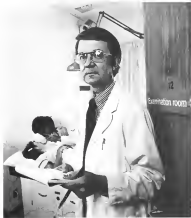
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# 'Say ah ...'



Barrows (foreground) and a study of what "simulated" patients try to tell students.

A wide-eyed fearful girl of about 18 tentatively enters the examining room. Her courage is barely provocative. She sits down across the desk from the doctor and shifts uncomfortably in her chair. "What seems to be the problem?" asks the doctor. "I don't know," replies the girl, barely audible and staring at the floor. "I have this pain in my stomach and I don't feel well." She almost chokes on the words. "Is it possible that you're pregnant?" asks the doctor, a little remote. The tone of voice does it. "Yes, I'm pregnant and I don't know who the father is. What will I do?" she asks anxiously. The doctor, out of his depth, interrupts. "Look, I have to leave for a few minutes to meet my car. I'll be right back."

Luckily, that young woman was in fact a professional patient and the doctor, a second-year medical student—both participating in a University of Manitoba medical school course called

Introduction to Clinical Skills. The notion that medical students could do with sensitivity training and that patients who only pretended to be sick could be of use in training them is a fairly new one. The man credited with the idea is Dr. Howard Barrows, a neurologist teaching at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. Realizing how students could go wrong in interviewing and examining patients—and that they were usually unaware of their blunders—Barrows thought that having a "patient" who could be trained to criticize the doctor-student on his techniques might do the trick. That was in 1982. Today—in the era of humane medicine and patients' rights—the technique has begun to catch on. Four Canadian medical schools and several nursing colleges offer such courses,

compared with just one in 1978. The advantages of using professional patients, or "simulated patients," as Barrows calls them, are many. First, the patient is not ill and can withstand the rough questions medical students often ask. The situation is a controlled one where mistakes are tolerated and dealt with immediately. The student who had to move his car confessed that he just didn't know what to say to the girl—running away seemed the best option. And the "patient" was able to tell him the driver he hadn't helped her at all. "These simulated patients make car entry into the real world of hospitals much easier," says Meira Crulshank, a third-year medical student at the University of Manitoba. "When we're on the wards the patients don't know that we're students—they have doctor expectations of us." If nothing else, the pretended situation serves as a dress rehearsal on which students learn a little confidence to smooth the transition from classroom to practice.

According to American physicians, Dr. R.E. Heifer, if medical students are going to be trained in this way, they should be trained early. Heifer thinks that the rigors of medical school so easily cause a deterioration in some aspects of a student's ability to take a good medical history, a skill he thinks is innate. Comparing how freshmen and senior medical students performed when asked to interview "simulated mothers" of sick children, Heifer found that the senior students were so preoccupied with putting down the physical symptoms that they neglected the patients' anxiety and mental fatigue—states often laden with diagnostic clues. The freshmen turned out to be better interviewers; they hadn't had the opportunity to build walls of clinical data behind which to retreat.

Perhaps no other area of medicine lends itself as well to retreat as the pelvic examination. It can not only be embarrassing for the student, but painful for the patient who has to stare unflinchingly at the ceiling while her reproductive organs are prodded. To ease the high anxiety of the pelvic exam, at medical schools are teaching a few medical schools—specifically trained women who are both patient and teacher. "And we don't only teach technique," says Linda Thomson, Coordinator of the Clinical Teaching Associates Program at the University of Manitoba. "We teach students how to establish a rapport with their patients. With us they can take their time and ask all the questions they like." Implicit in what Thomson says is the hope that the sensitivity she and other professional patients show to doctors in training will eventually pay off for their future patients.

Brenda Reinken

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## Behavior

### Agoraphobia: closing the gap on fear

**B**eatle Gottlieb is singing again. She's shopping, driving a car and doing. She's even living alone. These activities may not seem like monumental achievements, but for Gottlieb and many of the estimated four million North Americans afflicted by a riveting and little-understood fear, they can be impossible. These are victims of agoraphobia—literally, the fear of open spaces, but for some the fear of just about anything.

Gottlieb's release from a life of depression and terror is due in no small measure to California psychiatrist Dr. Arthur B. Hardy, who has incorporated the old psychoanalytic, humanistic approach of using former patients as counselors in a new, group therapy setting. "Agoraphobia is totally devastating to those who have it," says Dr. Hardy, who has seen 1,000, including Gottlieb, complete therapy in the five-year existence of his first centre in Menlo Park, California. "You can't go out, can't meet anybody, can't go on vacation."

Supporters at the centre—and 19 others that have since multiplied across the United States—go through 16 closed weekly sessions, attended by the patients, family members, co-patients and a providing psychiatrist. Drugs are almost never used and there is extensive liaison between former patients and agoraphobics during and after the course, even house visits. "You go talk to a psychiatrist and he sits there saying, 'Uh-huh,' 'Mmm,' and you know damn well he doesn't understand what you're talking about," Dr. Hardy says. But when one of my people says to a new patient, 'And then you got the shakes, your mouth got dry, a lump in your throat,' and so on, it gives them hope that they can get over it because that other person has been there."

During the 16 weeks of therapy, which costs between \$500 and \$600, agoraphobics are taught relaxation and given time to rehearse for these activities that terrify them most—sailing for a race, going shopping, riding elevators, driving cars.

If success can be measured in terms of how few repetitions there are for the

courses, Dr. Hardy may well be justified in saying his results are "fantastic." The Menlo Park staff has increased from one to 10—including two full-time therapists and six co-patients, and Dr. Hardy says his office receives some 800 letters and phone calls a day from agoraphobics. A more precise gauge of the program's success should be available in about three months when a study being done in conjunction with Stanford University becomes available.



An artist's representation of those who are afraid of the outdoors.

In the meantime, Beatle Gottlieb, now 35, Dr. Hardy's staff, speaks volubly when she says: "There are still good days and bad, sometimes even bad minutes, but there are a lot of good vibes here, a lot of support, and I love working. It's a whole new life."

Cathy Fox



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## Lifestyles

### Fight for lottery millions: the odds are you'll lose

During the past week, as every week, Canadians dug into their wallets for a debated dollar bill, a five or a 10, and they had played \$20 million in lottery tickets. Four out of five Canadians buy regularly, though few quite so regularly as Toronto office manager Richard Quenell, who after cutting back the habit from \$200 per month, is buying \$50 worth—confidently waiting for the big million. By now most lottery gamblers must know that for every major winner there are half a million losers, but major winners still put out a billion dollars a year for such slim chances of fortune.

Aided and abetted by government, So heated has the rivalry grown between Ottawa and the provinces that they have been spending \$32.5 million a year advertising eight competing lotteries—before a five-year treaty was finally hammered out, at a secret "Camp Broken Branch" three weeks ago. Minister of State, Finance and Amateur Sport Irena Chagnon took Federal-Provincial Relations Minister Marc Lalonde with her for backing support to the closed-door meeting in the House of Commons of Ontario Minister of Culture and Recreation Robyn Beale, attended by key representatives from East and West. But it required another 16 days of anxious phone calls among the provinces before release of the four-point agreement.

• Chagnon will abandon her grand game plan (and \$25-million worth of new computer terminals) to win the nation for Lotto Select—an electronic draw in which the buyer bets \$1 on a number of his own choosing, punched up on a machine in his corner milk store. (Ottawa and Quebec will run one instead.)

• The provinces will concede to Ottawa, Lotto Canada's exclusive rights to create new millions every month by selling tickets at \$20 and up, if Ottawa will lower the cut-rate \$5 10-and-under bid to three.

• All lotteries will return 80 per cent of gross revenues to ticket buyers in prize money.

• No lottery will spend more than four per cent of revenues on advertising and promotion.

The provinces want further decisions of how Ottawa intends to spend its share of the gambling take—they're suspicious of Chagnon's shoveling

cash-in-lieu with sports palaces that they will have to service and maintain. And it begins to sound like a fresh round of constitution talks when Robyn Beale advises that "it's a question of federal or provincial jurisdiction over leisure." But the great lottery debate is really about money—millions and millions of lonely dollars with which most governments can defuse their tax coffers. And it is difficult to distinguish between the greedy dreams of the would-be lottery millionaires and the wiser words of the lottery operators who cross 40 per cent of the top. And who, of course, always win.

Ten years ago, one could have been arrested for selling lottery tickets. The only legal gambling in Canada was at the race track, the ball fair or the bingo game in the church basement. Suddenly there have been such a firestorm in the provinces and a morality act in the matter of getting something for nothing. Although millions were already being wagered at the track, gambling was still actively discouraged from Protestant parishes (it was only the Catholics who ran bingo games) and no one politician would advocate making it legal. Until it slowly dawned on governments that, as with "liquor control," there was big money in it.

Manitoba's Mayor Jean Drapeau broke the ice with his deviously contrived "voluntary \$2-coin" for Expo in 1967. Three years later Ontario

opened for those lonely dollars, Chagnon (above) and Ontario's Robyn Beale, closed-door meetings, make no small talk.



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seeded the Criminal Code to legislative letters. Degeen's draw immediately became Loto Québec and Manitoba launched its own \$2.50-a-bet sweepstake for a top prize of \$70,000, which spread through four provinces as the Western Express. In 1974 Ottawa introduced the Olympic Lottery (only to bail out the Games, they said, with a \$30 entry fee and the first level million-dollar prizes. Soon there was also Witbourn, then the Atlantic Lotto—and then came The Provincial at \$5 a shot, under the joint sponsorship of all second-tier governments except Nova Scotia.

When Ottawa announced in 1976 that the Olympic Lottery was to become Loto Canada "until Dec. 31, 1978," the provinces cheerfully assumed the fees would raise the field on that date. They were wrong. What Ottawa meant was that the profit-sharing deal—82.5 per cent for Olympic and Commonwealth Games debt retirement, 12.5 to the provinces and five to federal amateur sports programs—would run until then. With sales for the year ending March, 1978, reaching \$225 million for the national lottery—double the previous year—and the profit falling out at \$74 million, Loto Canada's request to have 100 per cent for national sport and fitness as of 1980. And that's when the in-fighting for lottery millions got dirty.

• Loto Canada's advertising budget reached \$25 million—five times that of both Western and The Provincial—and the provinces cried foul. "We had to shoot to be heard," says Marshall Pollock, managing director of the Ontario Lottery Corporation. "And at media rates today, shooting is expensive."

• In late May, Ottawa and Québec jointly called for tenders for electronic equipment to operate a new computer-controlled, write-your-own-ticket lottery. Three weeks later Compagnie awarded, without tender, a \$25-million contract to U.S.-owned General Instrument of Canada Ltd. Toronto, for computer terminals to run an identical game nationwide, called Loto Select. Frustrated rivals accused her of scrambling for a hasty gain to keep the provinces from invading the \$10-ticket game. "She's longpropping the orderly market-development cycle," fumed Pollock. As it turned out, Compagnie's play worked.

With gambling having totally changed its image from clove to vice to accredited source of income, and with lottery sales headed ever upward (an expected increase of \$680 million next year) federal-provincial conferences on lotteries may become as regular as the other kinds. After all, the potential is tremendous: Canadians spend only \$40 per capita per year on taking chances—pennies compared with Italy's \$200 and Japan's \$285.

Mike Macleod

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**CFRB-1010**  
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

## New 'Life' for old, and a new 'Look,' too

There are some things that one can never bring back: the earnings of a Mickey Mantle hit, the slapstick antics of Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour as the road to nowhere, the silliness in a Tito Chavez film. *Life*'s magazine is better. After a singular hiatus, the familiar red and white logo is once again on the newsstands and old *Life* readers will not be disappointed in the new effort. Many of the best-loved features are back, albeit with different

*Life*'s scope, nonetheless, will hardly be modest. "Our stories will be built around what people are doing, wearing, trends, medicine, science, art, architecture, nature and fascinating places," Kunkinoff explains. And text will deliberately take a back seat to pictures, no doubt a reflection of the belief in some quarters that the old *Life* failed because it forgot its mission as a picture magazine.

The glory of the new *Life* will be photography, an attempt to recreate what co-founder Henry Louis called "picture magazines." Some *Life* fans have expressed disappointment at the slow-moving pace of the new version. A feature on the Shah of Iran's summer hideaway, for example, is spectacular but sadly antedated by Iran's recent upheavals, both political and seismic. But for most of the faithful, the reappearance of *Life* was good news enough without quibbling about points of content. "I was sold out before we even got the magazines," a New York newsstand dealer reported happily. "At least 100 people asked me to put a copy away for them."

The newsstands had better prepare for an onslaught, because in January they will have not only *Life* but also a new Look to

cope with. French publishing giant Daniel Filipacchi, who revived a failing Paris *Maroc*, has bought the Look name and is putting \$10 million behind his conviction that his Gallic magazine formula will work in North America. The new look at *Look* promises to be more like the old *Life* than *Life* seems. Formerly a weekly, *Look* will hit the stands as a weekly general news magazine. "We are going to be much broader than *Life*," proclaims publisher Boris Teyssan. "And because we are a weekly, we'll be able to scoop *Life* three weeks out of five." *Life* publisher Charles Whittingham appears subdued by the looming competition. Being in the lull of the current publishing warlock—"*Life* comes, can *Look* be far behind?"—he counters, "Yes, very, very far behind."

Surprisingly, *Life* and *Look* seem less interested in trading brockets than in differentiating themselves from Time Inc.'s highly successful *People*, nicknamed "*Life* with a lobotomy." "In the monthly format I think *Life* will be more of a celebrity book," says *Look*'s Teyssan. But *Life*'s Assistant Managing Editor Eleanor Grams emphatically rejects the comparison. "We will be covering celebrities, but it's a question of how you do it. We will be taking our own original approach." Original may be the best word to describe *Life*'s feature on the current king of the rag trade, Michael, in which we see our hero reclining in bed on a cashmere blanket, garbed in a white cotton nightgown and red knee-high socks he designed himself.

But the bottom line for both *Life* and *Look* will not be editorial but financial. How can the magazines earn a profit now if they couldn't in their previous incarnations? Ironically, television—the medium that most people think killed the two publications—is helping to bring them back. With their enormous circulation (*Life*'s was as high as 8.5 million and stood at 5.6 million when it suspended publication) and the resulting high production costs, the magazines charged advertising rates comparable to prime-time television. In fact, a full-page color ad in the old *Life*

cost \$64,000, more than many television spots. At those prices, most advertisers felt television was the better deal. Today, with television costs skyrocketing and the competition for the best prime-time spots intense, *Life* and *Look* are once again attractive advertising buys, and at an attractive price. A full-color page in the new *Life* sells for \$11,300, and *Life*'s October issue set a record for a first issue of an American magazine—selling over \$600,000 in paid advertising.

To boost profits and cut costs, *Life* and *Look* both intend to cut back on



*Life*'s metamorphosis: first issue, an October issue and prototype of the new version, next to the new (above, from left), and Managing Editor Kunkinoff (below).

again. The famous back page, "Smoking Pictures," has resurfaced as "Just One More," this month spotlighting two-age actress Brooke Shields and a look-alike friend. There are two pages, six family reunions, 18 celebrities in key sport gear, 20 National Football League coaches, and pictures of Jerry Seinfeld and Henry Kissinger they would undoubtedly rather forget. Not to mention a whale, two seals, two pagodas, nine dogs sniffing firemen, and that great *Life* tradition—a highlight picture. Who says one can never go home again?

The new *Life*, however, will not be a carbon copy of the old. It will appear monthly, not weekly, and as a consequence will no longer battle for the fast-breaking story. In its heyday—with an editorial staff of over 300—*Life* packaged the world in a coffee-table edition once a week. Backed to a sparse staff of 34, Managing Editor Philip Kunkinoff Jr., a 35-year veteran of Time Inc., plans a different approach. "The cost of covering the news the way *Life* used to is prohibitive. Our stories will have to reflect a lot of advance planning and thought—we are not in the business of chasing the news."



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their previously massive circulation. *Life's* first print run was 700,000 and they are aiming for a top figure of two million. In addition, both publications will market their wines in a changed manner. In their former lives, the magazines offered these diamonds to subscribers to push up circulation. "We were really giving the magazine away," says Littlejohn. "Since people paid as little as 14 cents for a subscription copy." Now subscribers, like single men before, will pay the full freight.

Who is going to plunk down \$1.56 for *Life's* magazine? With the photo books that has seen working photographers switching from Bowles to Niemi, the magazine hopes to pull a new generation of readers loose. "I was at the United States Open," Whittingham recounts, "and I saw more kids photographing the action than watching the tennis. We have a whole new audience out there." And, there is the old adage: When *Life* suspended publication after 1284 issues, its demise created a man-been in journalism. There were over 1,000 articles on the folding of *Life*, including an entire supplement in *The Sunday Times* of London. *Life's* actions has generated equal amounts of copy. Requests for interviews have come from as far away as Japan. Closer to home, publisher Whittingham says that over the past year, "Jimmy Carter has let us know he's very interested in *Life's* return. Maybe it's because the magazine is funny." Carter has yet to promise a *Life* column inside the White House, but don't be surprised if the new issue Amy's home appears soon.

There were grins as wide as Carter's on the faces of 3,000 of *Life's* readers and dealers when they jammed a New York page for *Life's* launch—the kind of ending the magazine used to cover in "Life Goes to a Party." A prep school band blared out ruffles and flourishes as guests threaded their way through a dozen beer and buffet tables, consuming 50,000 beers of wine and rubbing elbows with the likes of James Mason, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Yogi Berra, Ruth Carter Stapleton—and Halston, who gleefully commenced the first issue's pictures of him for mere flattering than those of the Sixth of Iron. At the party's finale, press celebs scrambled up to haul away the 1,280 *Life* posters denouncing the killing of the outlawed pig—sharp eyes actually spotted a few look staffers in the crowd. But *Life's* Managing Editor John Dunham didn't let an eye wider than how his publications would echo the *Life* book. With real journalistic style, he shot back. "We'll hit the city of Paris and bring in a Chinese military band."

Rita Christopher

## Television

# The Masseys provide a new Canadian myth

THE MASSEYS  
GIC 12-4 OCT 20:25

Only in the CBC's new film *The Masseys*, a first grey zone who has been puttering standing in the Massey graveyard turns to the camera and says, "The Lowest Dickens, a biographer."

He is, too. Lowell Dickson is the biographer of the reclusive Henry, Gray Owl, of the lobster newton Radcliffe Hill, and there that how often do we see a man turn to the camera and say, "To Kenneth Clark, an estheticist." or even, "The Harvey Kline, an industrialist." There must be a reason for Dickson to tell us what he does for a living in so portentous a way. Does he want us to get the idea that *The Masseys* is written at levels of skill and rectitude that he within the grasp of a biographer but beyond a scriptwriter?

*The Masseys* is the kind of production most often called a dramatized documentary. Real people doing real things (documentary) such as politicians are given when the writer has no idea what the people the show's about felt or said or did, and at too honest or too timid to fake it. He gives the actors generalized scenes to play while a narrator's voice tells the story in the third person. Because follows as inevitably as the close-

David Fox and the Masseys: a few look  
become a multidimensional corporation



up follows the medium shot. Such production can also go wrong. For the opposite reason, when the writer invents speeches, feelings, and actions to match his idea of a good film script.

At first viewing *The Masseys* is splendidly true from both kinds of trouble. Once Dickson's appearance is out of the way, the Masseys speak in their own voices about their own feelings and thoughts, they act out their own courtship, death, and death. Remarkably, that these farmers and merchants and wives should have left such a rich inward record. Let's say "Easily" if it's settled in the lee of the Canadian Shield.

Hart Massey says "We lived by our faith, not our certainties. You move by the sense of light of nature. What is always needed is the understanding heart."

Do you find an awkward literary quality in these lines that, considering the source, is rather touching? I did. The next day, though, I read a review of Michael Ondaatje's new book on Sir Joseph Flaxley, St. Joseph's case, the reviewer said, from "the lot of the Canadian Shield." The reviewer was Lowell Dickson, who seems to be the message that "the Masseys" should give nobody.

Vincent Towill produced *The Masseys*. He is an accomplished producer, and a fictionist in his own right. The Masseys almost no second of their own, very few letters, no diaries, Dick-



Writer Towill and producer Towill

son invented nearly all the first-person speeches in the film, Towill helped, particularly in striding the proper tone. No better help for this work could have been found. Towill is Hart Massey's great-grandson.

There is nothing wrong, of course, with writing fictional speeches for historical characters. Scriptwriters do it all the time. Photographers don't. Like the best reporters, they scrupulously refrain from putting words in their subjects' mouths. Towill's role in *The Masseys* bordered on the mainly because it generated confusion.

*The Masseys* is subtitled *Chronicles of a Canadian Family*, but the film is actually a life of the first son Massey, built, with an opening passage about his father, David, and a closing passage about what happened to his children and grandchildren after his death in 1985. Hart was the Massey who built the family empire into what is now a multinational corporation almost a century before there was a name in such things. Now that Canada is de-industrializing, Hart Massey is the ideal figure on which to base a new Canadian myth. The way proposed by this film is of a benign paternalist who built factories in order to enrich the spirits of his workers. "My father David was a farmer," the script has Hart Massey say, "but he became a machine man to free us, free us, for a better life." (The wisest notion of a better life means that Massey-Pengas, David's legacy, lost \$50 million U.S. in the last fiscal quarter.)

Not long after Hart Massey died, the assistant relief officer at Toronto made a survey of workers' housing. He reported "an outdoor closet for dozens of men, women and children." Then looking out you can see the garages piled high at the window. "Three of Hart Massey's sons died young, one of us and two of typhoid fever. He was unaware of any connection between infectious disease and the 'better lives' his workers were leading. Nor do the makers of *The Masseys* appear to be conscious of any irony in their script. Until the age of charity was over, Canada was just another bloodstained crucible. Thus it becomes a perfect, stilted memory, like a Massey.

Ken Ledell

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## Classic performance in a pop-mad world

LIONA SUPERHEROICAL  
CBC 9 p.m. Oct. 22

She opens a more harmonious of less musical time. The Boyd Gang was a group of Toronto teenagers with a disarming penchant for breaking into banks and out of jail. That was a full quarter-century ago, just about the time the CBC was launching its television service. Now there's a brand-new Boyd Gang—the dare and trouble, both near and far, of classical guitarist Lionel Boyd. Among the members: the Queens, Pierre Trudeau and his kids, Jimmy Carter, folk/pop star Gordon Lightfoot and most of Boyd's fellow guitarists.

Wednesday in this new, less recurring Boyd Gang is only going to grow, thanks in part to the show's old cast, which never fails to recognize Canadian talent after it has been hailed abroad. Lionel is the fifth in this fall's series of hour-long Shakespearean, the principal output of the corporation's official TV variety department. It's a very ordinary show, guided by a very extraordinary star who manages to maintain her poise and dignity despite a mild, offhandedly script and an odd assortment of guests (comedian star Chris Allen, the Canadian Brass, dancers Frank Augustyn and Veronica Tennant, pianist Hugues Bérty and the astonishingly lithe singer Doris Claydon-Thomson). Lionel is a serious musician, though, because of his elaborate production values and Boyd's own virtuosity. She is splendid, and the show is bound to win her new fans.

If one discounts her looks—and one should not, because she is a striking young woman with thick, reddish-blond hair, dark blue eyes and a starlet's shape—Lionel Boyd ought to be an unlikely celebrity. She is a classicist in a pop-mad world, a serious musician even at home with the white tie and tails set that the divine crowd, a girl who as a teen-ager was entranced by guitarist Julian Bream rather than swept away by rocker Mick Jagger.

And yet, as soon as she takes her chair in the 4th Toronto restaurant, known as Pastiche (Boyd sits heavily but makes most meals, prefers fruit juice to wine, hates cigarette smoke), the waiter arrives and begs her to autograph a menu. At the age of 38, after 14 years of dedicated study under such masters as Vancouver's Ed Kummer and the renowned Alexandre Lagoya in Par-

is, after endless concerts and countless miles (Barrage, New Zealand, Latin America), after a clutch of modestly successful solo albums, Boyd has become a major Canadian music star.

Lionel, leader of the Boyd Gang, "Listen to my friend," said Lightfoot.

Of course, it would make her rich in the way that Lightfoot, who gave her career a tremendous lift by using her as an opening act and adorning his funky followers to "listen to my friend," is rich. Or is the way that The Band's Robbie Robertson, producer of The Last Waltz and no mean guitarist himself, is rich. The Lightfoots and Robertsons are now mega dollars and sell records by the millions, while Boyd is into a comfortable income (her concert fees range from \$1,000 to \$5,000, depending upon the size of the hall and the sponsor) and makes her record sales in the thousands. But she accepts this and, unlike many highly trained and professed classical musicians, refuses to dis-





rage either the music played or the money made by her pop counterparts. "There's such a total difference between the classical and pop worlds," she laments in a soft voice that has just a dash of hip and more than a dollop of country bluntness (she was born in Illinois; came to Canada at 7, went back to England at 16, then returned to Toronto at 18 and has called Canada home ever since). "It's not just the music or the audience. At a classical concert they offer you Coke. At a rock show it's more likely to be beer."

Boyd knows both worlds, and seems

to be trying to keep one foot in each. This month, for example, she is playing a concert series in Ohio. Next month, she'll fly to Nashville to cut an album, a guitar quartet with her friend and fan, Chris Atkins, the brilliant and durable country guitarist who is also a vice-president of RCA Records. Next spring she is going on a 35-city Canadian concert tour. This fall her new album, *The First Lady of the Guitars*, is being released by CBS Records. "They expect it to go gold," she says, "which is almost unheard of for a classical rock."

Boyd has seven guitars (by contrast,

*Walking Stone* reports that Bobbie Robertson has more than 200), which she alternates as when, much as tennis stars do their rackets. She strums with her fingertips which are not even long but very tough, and she makes beautiful riffs. She has a marked preference for Spanish pieces (her father, a teacher/sculptor, was born in Spain; the family once spent a year in Mexico), but can play almost anything, spanning octaves frequently (and her own pieces). On her TV special she plays a broad range, including the romantic *Saltarello* composition "Four Gyronophers" which, she says, is the prime minister's favorite.

Her friendship with Trudeau has certainly spiced her recent publicity, although she doesn't try to trade on it and will discuss it only reluctantly. They first met at Trudeau's summer house, Harrington Lake, where Boyd had gone for the day as a guest of Toronto MP Robert Kaplan. Later, Trudeau dropped into one of her concerts and became an instant fan. "He can't play, though," says Boyd with a smile. Later still, Trudeau was giving a small dinner at St. James for the Queens, and invited Boyd to play—but not then. "I came on in my usual time slot, between the buffalo steak and the mousses à l'orange." Today she calls Trudeau "Pierre," but says they all "got together from time to time." He comes to her concerts. "Perhaps significantly, Boyd made a point of wishing Henry Chang's CTV interview with Margaret Trudeau earlier this month (Oct. 1). Her comment: "Poor Margaret. I wish she gets her head together."

As for President Carter's membership in the Boyd Gang, she explains: "I'd heard he liked the guitar so I sent him one of my albums. I must have had a very nice letter. More than the usual thank-you note. He said he liked my music, and played it quite often."

Boyd is still single. "I have a lot of new friends, but I'm still looking for the Perfecta," she says. "Actually, with all the touring I do it's hard to maintain relationships. The guitarist studies up to six hours a day, practicing in airports and hotel rooms as well as at home, pursuing the dream he's had ever since he got sent to Eton's Academy at 14 and heard Julian Bream. "He absolutely changed my life," she says now. "I was stunned by his playing. I knew then and there I wanted to be a classical guitarist." A real ringer, Bream and fellow guitarist John Williams are giving a concert at Toronto's Massey Hall on Oct. 23, the same night as Boyd's TV special *Sixty Boyd*. "I'll be at Massey Hall. I've already seen the Guinnesses."

Robert Miller

## Films

### Them dog day afternoons

GOD SOUTH

Directed by Jack Nicholson

Is there an actor alive better at whopling it up on the screen than Jack Nicholson? As horse thief Henry Moss in *Gun 'n' Sooty*, Nicholson has the stoned look of a stray not given enough room to break loose and raise hell, the rest of the world is much too tame to contain him, and he feels stifled. Saved from the gallows by a town ordinance all owing a woman to claim him for wedlock, he's succeeded as a worker in his master's small pig meat. Julia (Mary Steenburgen) keeps rejecting the good-natured lout's big fan-winking advances; slow-witted, he squints and across his face breaks that slow, angry smile—his own personal war—and he goes out in a little sager's dash from *The Last Detail*. He'd do anything to charm the coast off his, but she keeps dodging him. *Gun 'n' Sooty* is a domestic comedy—James Thurber is early Tennessee.

Every time Nicholson hears his girlfriend grin into the mirror, *Gun 'n' Sooty* is instantly salvaged, but everything and everybody outside him seem to stomp in the sun. It's his second crack at directing (the first was *Jive*, in 1981) and he's not anted, yet the sedate of shots don't have the rhythmic grace to pull us into the wacky narrative. The camera stills everything; the story doesn't float. The movie's like an old dog just lying there in the sun. It won't score, only shrivel uselessly.

What Nicholson does have a talent for—as an actor and director—is comedy. The first 30 minutes is the mother lode of the movie: his horse kidnapping on horse after he's crossed the Rio Grande and out of harm's way from a pursuing posse, an old woman who, having claimed him from the nose by dint of overeating the ordinance, faints dead away—literally, a visit from the stardom law—people which is a kind of Oscar Wilde character party shifted to the Old West. Had there been an actress less intelligent and prissy than Mary Steenburgen as the male-ordering bride, Nicholson might have had something to sneeze at. Has he headed every off-the-mountain and into the (lower) Jaws? And we can all live happy and fruitful lives without a new Jennifer Jones.



He so their Nicholson need by the belle: lots to into you, baby

It's as old cliche to have two people living a relationship displayed with other (The African Queen, *Sleep Away*) and then arrange for them to go ga-ga. It takes two for that. Love requires all and isn't that wonderful? The question that keeps recurring is why Nicholson beamed. Can't someone find a something better to do—a role for that giant in his eye? Lawrence O'Toole

### Back to the promised land

THE DODS

Directed by Jimmy Phelan

Why has an actor co-producer his first film and stars in it, his performance often continues an element of distraction, as if the co-camera set his busy writing out of-focus problems. This feeling is understated in *The Rio* (with Richard Dreyfuss playing a lawyer, directly witty private detective, Moore Wit, involved in a conspiracy plot to murder it'll drive anyone to distraction trying to make sense out of it. Wit is hired to find out why a famous radical political activist named Howard Green, swallowed up by the underground years ago, is apparently trying to renege the copyright of a con-

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didate for California governor. He takes the case because Lala (Russo Anapack), a beautiful cohort in peace marches from his socially conscious Berkeley days, begs him to; he's tired of sitting home alone playing Clue and he's bored in ultimate suppers to his ex-wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and two kids. The film ambles along with Wise picking up information between half-stuff assignments until a friend's murder causes an abrupt shift in mood. Menace settles over it like a cloud of Los Angeles smog and the camera buses itself making threatening buses out of car lights and side-right here.

It's possible that director Jeremy Paul Kagan is trying to echo the atmospheric vagueness and drizzle style of *The Big Sleep*, but the film is more obviously a sequel for the '60s. After Wise finally tracks down Biggs, now a clean-cut ad copywriter, they get drunk and dance around the pool sipping old protest songs, the mood warms between the sad, funny, and tragically ironic. Flooding in re-defined nostalgia, it shifts abruptly to an estimate of the terrorism and sends Wise rushing off to stop the L.A. freeway from being blown up.

Disaffection unable to don a tweed jacket and soft moustache for *The Big Fix* and still come up smiling—the awesome Douglas plays passively the role into some kind of shape. The rest of the cast is merely peripheral. The film keeps falling into traps of '60s sentiment—one that contrarily rips up the thrill-seeking plot mechanism.

Rebecca Seuchette



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## Tempest in the West: art vs. boondoggles

**T**he voice on the radio purred and shivered like a venerated Hare Krishna chant, intoning five words, one of which is rude. The repeated phrase, "A warm place to shut," is the lightning and cool of a poem by 36-year-old Vancouver poet Bill Russell, and through a series of witty-come-epigrams it rants at the centre of a malice that has seen the West Coast literary community pitted against what it sees as stately-eyed boondoggles, exposure for Russell as one: radio's Sunday Morning is a 10 book that has sold some 30,000 copies, a suit for \$100 and overnight infringement involving 20 defendants, and a full-page ad in a Vancouver newspaper to support Russell and his publishers.

The author's even looked in a start last November when Vancouver radio host-trier Ed Murphy offered to send his listeners a list of Murphy-collected government boondoggles and examples of waste. Orders poured in and when Murphy appended, Ben Habbert-style, for money to help print and mail the sheets, \$15,000 was sent in. Murphy said the copies to stitch a few more pages into his *Jacques* (called by this time *A Legacy of Shenando*), eventually distributing a staggering 65,000 at \$4 each to find-upon-their-own-ways.

Included in the Murphy book, however, were four Russell poems reprinted without permission—and an implication that Russell and his publishers, Vancouver-based Talonbooks, had collected \$25,000 and \$75,000 of the taxpayers' money respectively in the form of Canada Council grants to publish dirty poetry.

The result was that on June 23, strip 610's Talonbooks, Russell, and Russell's new publishing house, blawattpress, facing the ethnicity label would compromise their grant potential (Talon received \$37,000, or almost 30 per cent of its budget, from the Canada Council last year), launched the scuttler's 28-defendant suit.

In a show of solidarity, Vancouver's bluegrass literati, led by aging poetry guru and University of British Columbia Professor Warren Tallman, donated their pake heads and held a series of parties last month, advertising in a raucous emotional read-in and dance-in at an Arbutus-tailed East Vancouver ballroom. Some 430 tiny supporters danced under the pagging of a strobe light to Doug and the Blugs and belted

in 810 to pay the \$5,200 tab for a full-page ad that appeared on the back page of the Vancouver Province Sept. 23. However, some regret that what they fear to be the real issue—a direct attack on the political independence of the Canada Council—is getting lost in the cheerleading for local boys Russell and Talon. For site increasing controversies over school acquisitions of books by Margaret Atwood, Alice Munro and Margaret Laurence, and a perceived favouring by council officials in the face of attack by Mrs. Tina Tuckwell, the council is afraid of government control," says Talon President Karl Ruppel. "And is sucking up to the politicians." Although the Russell/Talon case will probably not reach trial until the spring, writers have been lured by their lawyer Sid Stinson to Eaton's and Woodward's department stores Woodward's responded by withdrawing the Murphy book from the stands. Eaton's has so far remained silent.

Looked in the centre of this malice is the fawn-like figure of Russell himself. Unfazed by criticism that his badly spelled sound poetry is juvenile and out of date, he is clearly aware of the publicity value of the affair (Talonbooks brings out a new Russell collection, *Shut in the Fall*). "We are pleased then, that 'warm place' appeared on prime-time national radio," he says. "I'll offer, taking a second younger than his 35 years, 'It was far out.'"

## Fiction can be bunk too

TALKING  
ON DONALD CROCKETT  
(McDonald and Stewart \$19.95)

**D**onald Stuart sits at his desk one morning in 1966 preparing to be free from the burden of managing the family firm, Stuart & Kilgus, distillers of premium ice whisky since 1845. An

American, Pettigrew, arrives and offers \$50 million for the company. High wants to money, but although he has the controlling interest he decides that his whole family will have to consent before the "take-over" can take place.

Will High's son, Charles, an economist who knows the threat that American investment poses to Canada, yet not wanting to take over the firm himself, agrees? Will daughter Vanessa, who needs a million or two to buy a Toronto theatre, acquiesce? There should be no problem with Uncle Oswald, a businessman who drives a Lincoln Continental and believes Canada should join the United States. But what about Aunt Corinna, "a formidable woman" and guardian of the Stuart family records in the old Victorian house on Admiral Road? Will she be persuaded by the thought of selling Stuart & Kilgus to pushy Americans? Or will her pleasure at the prospect of giving all the family records to the Public Archives of Canada outweigh her misgivings about the takeover? Will Aunt Corinna's weak heart stand all the stress?

Rabid Canadian nationalists will want to know how it all turns out in 76-year-old historian Donald Crockett's first novel. Others may not be inter-

ested in this cross between a tract for the times and an Agatha Christie detective story. It contains the worst elements of both: overindulgence of scenes, characters, plot and prose.

Lacking sex, sustained mystery and international intrigue, *Talmon* may also be difficult to peddle as the drug-store, over-the-counter salutes of the vibrant prose of Crockett's great historical writing: "High drove northward in a wave of exaltation such as he had not felt for a long time. He parked the car at the side of the house, ran light up the steps, and found that Elizabeth had opened the door and was standing waiting for him on the threshold. He closed the door with a bang, and they clasped each other in a long embrace."

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### FICTION

- 1 *Chesapeake*, Michener (1)
- 2 *90-60*, Daughton (4)
- 3 *The Honourable Earl of Latham* (2)
- 4 *Survivors*, Kinsler (2)
- 5 *The Far Frontier*, Kops
- 6 *The Simpson*, Tolson (3)
- 7 *Shedding*, Gendler (3)
- 8 *Gonnes*, Morgan (3)
- 9 *The Major: A Privateer's Memoir*, Fawcett
- 10 *After Ego*, Watson (2)

### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Kung-Fu*, Pao (2)
- 2 *It's a Life in a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the First Yearbook?* (5)
- 3 *White Lies and Dirty Secrets*, Shale
- 4 *The Road to Nowhere*, Serfaty (4)
- 5 *Putting Your Own House in Order* (2)
- 6 *The Joy of Hockey*, Avel (1)
- 7 *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Schlesinger (3)
- 8 *The Coming Story of an Evolutionary*, Lady Holden (3)
- 9 *Trifurcation*, Aspinwall (2)
- 10 *8 P. Taylor*, Palmer (2)

(Figures in parentheses are based on the most recent week of publication)

The book's only modernizing aspect is Crockett's interesting anecdotal about the take-over. High Stuart, who lives French literature, wants to be free from servitude to his Canadian past. Donald Crockett drifted into Canadian history because he could not afford graduate studies in France. The books and some of his autobiographical statements suggest that he yearned to be a novelist as a playwright, or at least to write the history of epic events. Like High Stuart, Donald Crockett has been held fast by the Canadian past. He cannot escape from Canadian history into fiction.

Michael Bliss

## There's more than one way to sip and savour your Drambuie.

**Rugby No. 1**  
Two Scotch Whisky  
Liquor  
Four ounces each  
in old-fashioned  
glass.

**The Caper**  
Two Drambuie  
Four Caper  
Served straight  
in one glass.

**Traditional Drambuie**  
Drambuie and  
golden calve  
scented with  
cinnamon and  
orange.

**Drambuie Martini**  
Fill an old-fashioned  
glass to the  
brim with crushed  
ice. Pour in  
Drambuie and  
savour the  
scent of  
cinnamon and  
orange.

## A word in defence of the Corp: battered, bruised but still a relief from the alternatives

By Alan Fotheringham

Would it be permissible to say something in defence of the CRTC? Society has its own rules of conduct and what it feels constitutes fair play. Broadcasting is no longer legal in this country, rock-fighting is regarded as cruel and unusual punishment and the spectacle of servicing a media scandal in public is far pricier amusement to regarded as outside the law. Despite all these business advancements, the Canadian public insists on getting its anti-manifesto politics by stripping naked its psyche and flogging the confused old Holy Mother Corporation.

There, before the tapestries of the CRTC into the over-current. Al Johnson, president of the CRTC, looking as always as if he has accidentally left the coat hanger in his suit jacket. Over-current Al Johnson, the wrong choice for CRTC president, a career civil servant attempting to absorb a crash course in communications while wrapped in the marionette-like ropes of the impenetrable CRTC maze.

Now, for perhaps the first public time in his life, Al Johnson is read and, in support of his remarks, a question for the venerable monarch of his licence before the CRTC, he is torn as his tenorates and surrogates are judged broadcasters with the veneer of his response. Johnson, for the first time, seems to realize how cruel and cynical his Liberal masters can be with their massive slashing of the CRTC budget in their sudden concern for right-wing votes. Re-election—not an endorsement of the CRTC mandate to hand the country to the Liberal priors.

Johnson states quite correctly that our children are in danger of growing up Americans. That by the time they are 11, they have spent twice as much time watching television as they have in the classroom. And that, by inference, they will be doomed to emulate of Terrestrial Howard Cosell. Right right, of course, to be annoyed at having to defend the need for Canadian broadcasting while we are being inundated with

neighbors who prosper in the pastime belief that there is only one use for the services that run innocent electronic images: profits. So we get *Lanzone* and *Shirley, Love Boat, Three Jagged Straws, Three Jagged Private Eyes, Three Jagged Sportsmen*. It's the triumph of monetary over mind.

Now, as someone who occasionally allows his whimsy to be captured by the contents of the people's network, I am sure that will aware of its humiliating, paperwork-enriched defen-

which we live... If we go on as we are, then history will take its revenge, and tribulation will catch up with us." Herdstein has caught up with us. It is 20 years later and we have *Lanzone* and *Shirley, Love Boat* and screen-taken staples.

In the most under-rated book published in Canada in this decade, Herschel Herdstein argues in *A Nation Obscure* that just as much as the Americans have a genius for private enterprise, the Canadian genius is for public enterprise. He points out that "public enterprise is indigenous to the Canadian demography" and makes a very persuasive case that Canada, in its essentials, is a public-enterprise country, always has been and probably always will be. His prize examples, of course, are Air Canada, the CNR and the CRTC—forces that were needed at the time to bind the country together and have remained as distinctive services that mark our differences from the Americans.

Can you imagine, for example, a newspaper slightly down the scale from Walter Cronkite standing before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington and complaining about corporate surrender to political pressure in ABC, NBC or CBS—as the gutsy Peter Kent has been contending about his CRTC employer before the BSC hearings? Is that irrational way alone—while Kent flies off back to Rochester to file reports for the employer he has (apparently) embraced—the CRTC justifies itself.

What the CRTC does to feed off the slivering yabons of the battlines (the Liberals, in their great, have made the CRTC an open target by stupidly arranging that six of the nine commissioners are from Quebec) is not fewer powers but more the confidence to have a sensitive tyrant at the top who will clean house and clobber the career cobblers. One thing that is supposed to distinguish us from the Yanks is our modesty and modest respect for authority. One thing that really distinguishes us from them is a more responsible broadcasting system.



## If any Sears Craftsman® hand tool ever breaks, you'll get an apology and a new tool.

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can it is, granted, a hidden cure for large clutches of incompetents who would be shown on the headlines if ever exposed to daylight or the free-market system.

And yet. And yet. There is—in freedom as—the spirit of the past that flows unhindered across the border from such a rock-ribbed wonderland as Herbert Hoover, when he was U.S. secretary of commerce, could see in 1928 that it was "unreasonable that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising clutter." The Americans did not take his advice and turned the most striking communications device ever invented over to the decadent manufacturers. By 1948 Edward R. Murrow could say "If there are any historians a hundred years from now—they will find recorded, in black and white or color, evidence of decadence, excesses and insatiation from the realities of the world as

# New! 1979 Dodge Pickups.



**Designed for comfort. Built for action.  
Styled for today.**

Dodge Pickups are something new for '79! Dramatic new looks; dual stacked rectangular headlamps are now standard on the Adventurer SE series, optional on others. Inside, choose from three basic trim levels including this cloth and vinyl bench seat, standard on the SE. The comfort and style is truly car-like.



Options on the D 100 series include the new pop-up roof (illustrated), Diesel power, air conditioning, AM/FM radio with CB and a wide variety of passenger comfort sweetenings inside the cab. Double-wall construction in cabs and pickup boxes is standard.



The way you want it is the way we go. The '79 choice includes Conventional Cab, Crew Cab, Club Cab with Sweetline or Ulline Pickup box, 6'1/2 ft. or 8 ft. All available with four-wheel drive option. And this year, we have the all new Dodge Jr., a street-smart, sporty, economy-size pickup. See them all at your Dodge or Plymouth dealer's.

**The way you want it is the way we go. Dodge '79.**

